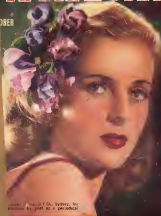


CAVALCADE

OCTOBER

1945. 1/-



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WE'VE HAD IT!

WE'VE HAD compliments (and \$5) paid us—

- By Texas gentlemen, who are importing Australian grass to improve the quality of their feed. "Blue perennium" grass was chosen after exhaustive tests with grasses from every continent.
- By a ship's foreman who, after a hard life, says Sydney was the blue ribbon for being the most civilized city. (Paris was never mentioned!)

Sydney was the blue ribbon for being the most civilized city. (Paris was never mentioned!)

- By Paris, where an Australian exhibition has been opened with pamphlets printed in French, to tell Parisians what a nice place Australia is. (Morals were never mentioned!)

WE'VE HAD mudmen in two States, as the clothing shortage begins to ease.

- Victorian mudmen have an orte in the Bandanong Ranges for their colons, and plan extensions to cope with increased membership.
- New South Wales mudmen-to-be-organised have been refused the occupancy of a house owned by the de facto wife of the prime minister.

WE'VE HAD further wins and news on marriage and families:

- Secret of long life is not the philosopher's stone or total abstinence, but large families: say villagers of Crumlin, Monmouthshire, England. At TB, Villager Hold has 23 children, 99 grandchildren, 166 great-grandchildren.
- Introduction of husband and wife to, Royal Navy sailor, she, Sydney girl took place when she enlisted her name and address on a tin of bully beef sent by Riverstone Meat Co. to the Middle East.

WE'VE HAD (in a manner of speaking) women, apart from marriage.

- The Countess Marie Louise de Nemis, who worked for French war prisoners during the Nazi occupation, and who after the liberation became the brains behind an armed gang to attack Jews and Communists—She seems again the Government enough to be Irish.
- One thousand English women at Westminster demanded active steps to bring their rights equal with men's. They want to keep their nationality and domicile after marriage, equal pay, right to work after marriage for the Government.
- Four thousand five hundred Sydney women don't have the cornel's orte and because they number of cornets, imported, are being held in store till the Prices Commissioner determines what their selling price should be.

WE'VE HAD (to be more exact) new shorts on Remonac:

- Yanks, said the French, are busy lovers who get drunk too often, talk too loud, laugh too much, are too devil-may-care, unreformed.
- A North London couple married on June 14, 1940, and went to the Channel Islands for their fortnight's honeymoon. Caught by Germans, they had to remain, returned home from their honeymoon five years later.

WE'VE HAD the surprise of the month:

- Favourite theme of study for post-war plans of soldiers is— theology. More applications are in for this department than any other of the University.

WE'VE HAD varying degrees of kindness shown in various ways:

- In England an 80-year-old lady wrote a letter to the late Prime Minister saying she couldn't get used to her budgetary. Miss Mignon Larnely, typist in the P.M.'s Department, saw the letter, sent the said, and duly received a letter of thanks.
- In Brisbane a Mr. Young needed an umbrella on a promise that the owner, a Mr. Mudd, would buy him a one-fourth share in the new Golden Casket. Mr. Mudd won the prize of £5,000 in the new Casket, but had no share for Mr. Young, who sued for £1,500 from the winner.
- In Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A., a very pretty girl rushed up and hugged a very young policeman, and was fined 15 dollars. Her defense—she thought he was something else.

THINK

THE atom has become the game of Adam.

The split atom has provided power for a bomb which causes unchained-of destruction, and people talk about infamy.

There's little difference between hanging out a city in a night with one bomb, and doing it in years with many bombs—except that the latter costs many more women's lives.

Science has revealed the stage where this one invention can wipe out more than all other inventions can save. Brutality doesn't enter into it—the choice between being killed with an arrow, a bullet, or atomic bomb—blast is purely dilettante.

Think what a wonderful blessing an atomic bomb could be if, in addition to ending the war quickly, it prevented war in such brutal colours that men refused to make war again!



Stomach with a Lid

Because a man had his stomach shot away—and lived—a doctor was able to use him as a human guinea pig. As a result, medicine took a giant step forward.



THE doctor was William Beaumont, the victim Alexis St. Martin, and the weapon a shotgun. They got together on June 6, 1822, and performed one of the most important works known to medical science.

The discharge of the gun was a pure accident. St. Martin didn't know what hit him. One minute he was standing there in the trader's store at Fort Mackinac, Michigan, feeling all the strength and health of his 19 years, laughing and joking—a typical hardy Canadian lad. The next he was on the floor—his stomach a grisly mess.

Army surgeon Beaumont was the only man to get. There was

no other doctor for three hundred miles. He took one look at the horribly wounded man and was amazed that he should be alive.

He saw that the entire charge—the powder and duck shot—had roared into the victim's left side. The muzzle of the gun must have been only two or three feet away at the time, for skin, flesh, and muscle had been ripped out to the size of a man's palm, the sixth rib had been blown off and fractured, the fifth broken, and the bottom of the left lung was ruptured.

Beaumont saw that a rib, blown through its articulation, had with its spike-like twist and sharpness lacerated the stomach.

He saw and smelt the wadding and shot which had smashed in among the broken ribs, the shredded muscles and everted membranes; the clothing and flesh all around the wound was, in his own words, burnt to a crisp.

With the utmost care for the man in his frightful agony, Beaumont took the torn and burned part of the lung—big as a turkey's egg—that was protruding through the wound, and tried to get it back into the cavity of the thorax. But he found he couldn't return it until he cut away with his pen-knife portion of the membrane and a sharp sliver of rib which were holding it fast. To do this he had to lift up the lung. But once in place, the organ wouldn't stay there, owing to the frequent violent coughing of St. Martin. It kept bulging protrusively.

Beaumont let it be while he turned his attention to a protrusion further down. He couldn't believe that this was in fact the man's stomach. How had he survived even as long as he had? Observing more closely, he found that it was in truth a part of the stomach, slinged, bursting slowly through the wound, and with a puncture as it large enough to admit his forefinger, and through which oozed some of the food he had had eaten for breakfast, staining his clothes.

Beaumont shook his head. What use to go on? This boy could not last more than 20 minutes. But he didn't obey the conviction. A conscientious man, he considered it his duty to do all that was humanly possible to preserve life.

He worked hard and fast, cleaned the wound, and dressed it superficially, all the time murmuring to the white-faced on-lookers that his efforts must be in vain.

But St. Martin must have been tough. He survived the next year in a military hospital. He owed a lot to Beaumont, who came once and frequently twice a day to dress his wound. Things of course were not normal. Instead of going back into the abdominal cavity, St. Martin's stomach stuck out to the intercostal muscles; that is, the muscles between the ribs.

When Beaumont wanted to feed his patient he had to put over the wound a pad of lint secured by adhesive tape—that was the only way to keep the food in the man's stomach.

Then a peculiar device was effected by nature. Beaumont saw that a valve, created by a flap of the inside coating of the stomach, closed the hole; but this flap could be pushed back freely, providing an expedition of the organ.

Declared a prisoner at the end of the year, St. Martin was ordered to be transported to

COVER GIRL

BEAUTIFUL brown-eyed

Ned Warren makes one of the most successful cover girls CAVALCADE has had. His feature on Australian across games when the late Zane Grey chose her to play the lead in the film, *The Whirl Shark*. CAVALCADE readers are indeed fortunate to have this fine Ned Robin study as a cover page.

Lower Canada, 2,000 miles away, by canoe, Beaumont violently rebuked the authorities, said it would end in terrible suffering and death; but he pleaded no vice. He thereupon kept St. Martin in his own home as a servant, ministering to him, clothing and feeding him, despite the fact that his meagre salary barely supported himself and family.

In 1825 he began to study scientifically the problem of digestion, using St. Martin as his guinea pig. St. Martin, despite the hole in his stomach, was now strong and hearty, thickening nothing of doing heavy jobs.

Ordered to Fort Niagara for two months' holiday, Beaumont writhed down there contentedly with his patient—but one morning he found the man had vanished. Beaumont searched

constantly, and when he found him, four years later, in Lower Canada, St. Martin was married and had two children.

Beaumont paid the family's fare to Fort Crawford on the upper Mississippi, where he was then stationed, and resumed his experiments from 1829 to 1931. St. Martin, in between showing his stomach, had fathered two more children. He was allowed to go home on the promise he would return if required.

In 1832, when Beaumont got six months' furlough, he sent for St. Martin, who came promptly, and the two made a contract: St. Martin agreeing to indenture himself for a year and submit to all experiments, Beaumont signing the document to say he would pay all expenses, feed his charge, house and clothe him, and pay him 150 dollars. For two years the alliance continued.

Beaumont sought the chemical powers of great men of the time—Bilham of Yale, Berzelius of Stockholm, but neither helped him practically. Then he interested the great physiologist, Professor Robley Dunglison at the University of Virginia, in a bottle of gastric juice taken from St. Martin's stomach. He analyzed it and said the acid was free hydrochloric. Scaplica wrote against Beaumont: the scientific world refused to believe straight off that such a

mineral acid could be produced in the body.

The doctor had to publish books at his own expense. The first edition of his *Experiments and Observations on The Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion* numbered 1,000 copies; it was on cheap paper, was illustrated with childish crudity, and riddled with printer's errors. Dug and medical reviews favoured it, but didn't bellyhoo in Senators, sent complimentary copies, spoke highly of it, but emphatically refused to pass a bill introduced to get money for its propagation. Beaumont lost money. Publishers dodged him. No one wanted to help him.

But that book was a classic on gastric digestion. He had so thoroughly covered the subject

that not even modern research, after the discovery of pepsin, which he presumed to exist, has found much that he missed.

His facts displaced all the theories of the time: that the stomach was a food store, without digestive power; that it was only a grinding organ, that it was only a fermentation vat.

After a fall on ice-covered stairs in March, 1833, this benefactor of humanity got a carbuncle on his neck and died, aged 68; while Alexis St. Martin, the man with a lid on his stomach, continued in good health for twenty years longer, dying at St. Thomas de Joliette, at 83. Refusing an autopsy, his family had him buried eight feet down, so that the resurrectionists of science might be frustrated.



"Think of a number, any number . . ."

Broomer's Little Battle

Twenty-five years ago, a thousand Japanese took control of Broome. Although then, as to-day, the Japs were eager for death, their triumph was short-lived.



A HEAT wave, damply, sickly burst, hung over the Western Australian pearling centre of Broome a few days before Christmas, 1920.

The town should have been eagerly anticipating the holiday season. But it was quiet—ominously quiet. The white women living in Broome were uneasy. Trouble was brewing.

Inspector Thomas and his small police force knew that something was about to happen, but they could do little—except wait.

The streets were crowded with mobs of many races; Japanese and Koepangers, Malays and Malessians and Ambonians—pure breeds and mixed breeds

whose ancestry would baffle an anthropologist. Men whose racial hatreds were never silenced, but slept under the control of the white man. The dumbing hatred needed only a spark to ignite it.

And on Monday, December 20, at 9 p.m., the spark flared. Official reports named a Koepanger who snatched a Jap. The Japs claimed that several Koepangers had stolen the man, who had merely acted in self-defence. What the Koepangers said was not known. But the trouble had started.

Armed with clubs of mangrove roots, pieces of bar iron and iron piping, more than one hundred Japs swept through

the outskirts of the township. At first they had control of Broome, their numbers increasing until well over a thousand were screaming "Death to the Koepangers."

The police sergeant and a constable met a mob seeking stray Koepangers. Unarmed, the two police broke up the mob, and went on their way, only to hear of further mobs assembling in the Asiatic quarter.

Hastily making for the centre of the trouble, the two police men were confronted with Japanese, armed with clubs, racing from the Japanese Club.

Again they stopped to receive orders. They had almost quelled the mob when shouts coming from the town urged the Japs to fresh fury. This time, the sergeant's appeal went unheeded.

Isolated Koepangers were surrounded and attacked by Japs. Unarmed police, helped by civilians, plunged into brawl and rescued the Koepangers, placing them under protective guard.

By 11 p.m., matters were so serious that 20 special constables were sworn in. More were needed; returned soldiers were asked to help. Immediately, 80 volunteered and, divided into four patrols, controlled the town for the night.

At 5 a.m. on Tuesday, December 21, fresh rioting broke

out. This time it was so serious that all the white men in Broome were called out, numbered at the police station and formed into armed patrols.

They were urged to be tact rather than force in dispersing mobs; and cautioned that guns were not to be used unless it was visibly necessary.

For in addition to the Japs and Koepangers, there were some 3,000 odd Malays, Malessians and Ambonians in Broome. So far, they had not taken part in the riot. As was the case with the Koepangers, the others had previously suffered at the hands of the Jap peakers, and were eager for revenge—waiting for a chance to spill blood.

The police asked them to keep away from Broome. A Malay spokesman pointed out that they were waiting for their friends, the Ambonians, to be attacked. And in that case, he said, they would support the whites. But—there was always the risk of the courted Malays turning traitor, and there were the white women and children to be considered.

The Resident Magistrate read the Riot Act; interpreters translated its meaning into half a dozen languages, ensuring that all races would understand its meaning. Hats were closed; the sale of firearms forbidden; a curfew imposed upon all coloured men to keep them

THE U.S. Army, realizing that a soldier lost in the jungle will sometimes starve to death, has issued instructions on choosing food, issued a sword on the subject. Attempting to avoid giving details which the soldier would probably forget anyway, the sword simply stated, "You can eat anything the monkeys eat." Then, almost as an afterthought, it added, "You may also eat the monkeys."

midnoon between sunset and sunrise.

For the first day, the casualties were two Japs killed and four in hospital. In hospital, too, were four Koepangers, badly injured.

When some semblance of order had been restored later that day, leading Japanese businessmen apologized to Government representatives and principal residents. But, in spite of their efforts to keep their fellow countrymen in order, the rioting went on.

On Tuesday night, 180 white men were under military discipline, under command of returned officers. Cars with special police aboard went to outlying camps to ensure that Koepfingers and Japs were not in the same camps.

Warranties were issued to

search the Japanese Club and boarding houses for hidden arms. From these hiding places came a Mauser pistol, magazine rifles, guns, and 400 rounds of ammunition.

A Japanese diver was arrested when police overheard him warning a Malay to wear a white armband; and to tell his friends to do the same to distinguish them from Korpisapers, whom the Japs intended to "clean up."

Besene was virtually an armed camp. Police continually rounded Koopangara, placing them in improvised bar racks.

The town was divided into two sections—Japanese and Korpengers—separated by a neutral area three-quarters of a mile wide through which special constables kept a conspicuous patrol.

By Christmas Eve, 300 white men had enrolled as special constables, and were fully equipped

Though Mandarins in some towns narrowly escaped injury, neither they nor the Malays, due to the tact of the whites, actively participated in the riots.

The Koepfingers learned the art of surprise attacks in compact mobs, but against the disciplined order of the white men, they were again controlled.

As now, the Japanese passion for dying caused the most trouble. Chews noted, then,

dered the white man to get shouting, "Shoot! Shoot!" And, though the special constables were provoked and their patience strained to breaking point, they did not fire a shot.

At a meeting of the Returned Soldiers' Association, it was moved that a gunboat be sent to Broome at once; and that the Federal Government be asked to deport all the Japanese leaders.

W All, Humber, Prince, Allin.

ter of the period, sent H.M.A.S. Greenham around from Melbourne. It was estimated that she would take 14 days to reach Brisbane.

And then it was over as quickly as it had started. The Japanese Consul apologized to the Government for the behaviour of his compatriots. Possibly the Japs had that in mind when they bombed Broomie in the early days of the Pacific war.

THE WORLD AT ITS WILDEST



Refuge of the lonely, the Personal Column may have brought some women husbands; to others, it has brought disillusionment and, sometimes, financial loss.



MARRIAGE is never more of a lottery than it is when men and women advertise for hearts and homes through the classified columns of the Press. The personal column, one of its most profitable features, nets thousands of pounds yearly for the newspaper-capitalising on the sentiments, romanticism, hopes, dreams and folly of the 12,000-old people all over Australia who advertise every year. And that is only the number that use type to confess their wishes: there are still thousands more belonging to matrimonial bureaus.

Don't think, either, that the gamble is always an exciting and

innocent pastime, a harmless method of catch-as-catch-can. It is often fraught with sordidness and tragedy. Many a woman has proved that. To put it the Irish way, Daphne Lattimer was one of them, but it must be said that Daphne, woman-like, had the last word.

She was a well-preserved woman of thirty-five who gave the agony column a try, and out of the puddle of chance came a Frenchman, Auguste Leclerc. He lost no time in responding to her ad, which gave so tempting facts that she was cheerful, affectionate and wealthy. Leclerc was fond of women and tender still of an easy life. Yet he was genuine,

and eager to find himself a good wife.

They met and were instantly attracted to each other. Marriage followed. Leclerc found that his wife was rich all right: she had a good banking account and she owned a great deal of property. They seemed to live happily for six months, when the Frenchman found cupidity and weakness passing him to criminal thoughts. He learned first of all that she had not made any will, and then planned the whole thing very cleverly. Once she was out of the way, dying intestate, all her wealth would go automatically to him.

It was the old, old story that has hanged a hundred men and led their victims to a violent and early grave. Leclerc was methodical and circumspect. While they were waiting on a crowded platform, he contrived to push her under the hammering wheels of an electric train.

She was buried, and Auguste Leclerc sat back smiling the salubrious finisher, when he would be rich for life. But it never came, that wealth.

He went out of the lawyer's office one day, pale, better, disillusioned, hardly able to believe the words he had just heard. For he had been told that the woman's marriage with him was bigamous, and so her estates and wealth would go to her legal husband. Leclerc was

hanged later, when his conscience, tortured perhaps by the ghostly horrible screams of Daphne Lattimer, forced him to confess his crime.

Another case where the man got the worst of the deal, but the woman lived, took place in New Zealand a few years ago. Harold Rice, reading the heart-to-heart column, found a plump girl named delicious. He met her and said, "Wow!" She was really beautiful. Harold could hardly credit his luck, and, so to speak, took out a subscription to the personal column for life. His wife, however, soon as the knot was tied, didn't live up to the qualifications she had boasted. She was cool and disinterested, temperamental, liable to squallid over trifles. Four or five months after the wedding, Harold found out what a fool he was, when he discovered himself to be the father of a baby by another man. Pretty Jacqueline had merely sought a husband so that she could make honourable the dark deeds after a dance, and respectably give her child a name.

On legal advice, the rampaging husband found he could not have the marriage annulled; so he settled down to scowl, sulk and disabey.

But New Zealand has a sadder story than that. A woman whom, it seems, Cupid had disinherited, advertised for

WILLIAM HAZLITT was one of life's conformists. His paintings were ridiculed by the critics; his marriage ended in divorce; he quarrelled with his friends as often and as bitterly that he lost them all; he was invariably in debt; he suffered from chronic indigestion. Yet, although completely disillusioned for most of his life, personally his last words were: "I have had a happy life."

and got a husband. She was prepared to make him a good wife, and did. But he wasn't satisfied. Like Auguste Ledere, he decided her property was a much better bride, and so he got it by poisoning her. Evidence coming to hand, they executed her a year later, and the killer was caught and hanged. It all started over two common lines that said simply this: Lone lady, 45, refined, mature, wishes to meet respectable gent. View now.

That didn't stop the ads from pouring in from head-nodding philosophers who reasoned it couldn't happen to them. That is human nature, they say! Some people can't even believe they'll die, until it happens. When a woman goes into a newspaper office and scribbles a few lines for better, she never

thinks that they might be for worse. But in Sydney alone there were two to three hundred professional swindlers and a scatter of sex perverts waiting to read that very ad.

Ads must be adroit. When penury, shy, timid, inhibited or circumpective fill in their form, they might sign on the back with their real name but add a P.O. number. That won't do. The clerk will politely tell them that they must give their private address, though not for publication. But the loophole is large. People have given false names and false addresses.

Within a week of the advertisement's appearance, a woman might collect fifty replies. The average is twenty. They will contain particulars and a suggested rendezvous. When she keeps it, she might be lucky enough to meet a genuine Romeo. But the odds are that a sex maniac, a well-dressed grafter, a sadist, a badger after security for life, a scoundrel, will be at the other end. Certainly she is free to go her own way if the prospect doesn't suit her: but it is estimated that only three or four out of ten reject the potential snail and start all over again. When you read stories that now and then get into the papers telling how a trusting woman has been given the run-around by a grafter in the matrimonial business; how she has been

drained of her lucre, paying for a sick aunt, an ailing mother, or for shares in a business, don't conclude that such cases are the exception. The extent of the racket cannot be gauged by the few compliments who report to the police. For every six that demand punitive retribution, there are twenty that don't. Rather than have their mistake exposed, they prefer to let it pass in a grudging self-shipment and hatred for the deceiver.

The game has its humorous side. One lady in Melbourne, excited over her answers, and having selected a prospective beau—a man who, by his letter, seemed to be the all in all she had been dreaming of all her life—went to the appointed place. Bedecked and flattered like the best wolf meat, she

waited. When he finally came, garrulous in pure basic English, she took one open mouthed gape, and bolted. He was a nice-looking fellow and there was nothing at all wrong with him except that he was—an Oriental.

In a recent case a farmer advertised for a wife, not forgetting to add that she must be fond of station life. She soon found out what that meant. All he wanted was a free galley slave, and the best way to find one, he thought, was to get a womanity through the classified columns and wed her. When the wife deserted, the squatter went to court, and the hapless woman was ordered to return to her Simon Legree.

There is a moral in this story somewhere, and it isn't hard to figure out.



"Four smoking pocket, sir."



"Crash" by Reginald Gray

Nat Gould

Prolific teller of racing stories, he produced his first novel while working in Sydney. After he returned to England, most of his books retained Australian settings.



ONE of Australia's most important industries is the raising of racehorses. Have you ever stopped to think how difficult it is to find a name appropriate to horses that is not already down on the books?

Australia has produced prolific run-getters, professors, wicket-takers, and we gave shelter for a number of years to the world's most fertile manner of racehorses.

He was Nat Gould, who also numbers among the world's most facile writers of novels—he wrote so many that his publishers could not keep up with him—wasn't, in turf phraseology, in the race. Seven years after his death, hitherto unpub-

lished books were still coming off the press. Even Edgar Wallace couldn't arrange that.

Gould's theme was horse racing, although an occasional novel had cricket as its background. You can't write about racehorses without naming them, and you can't borrow names of real horses because you don't know which court you would finish up in. When the plot frequently involves all sorts of crooked dealings at the horserace, in the stables, and any number of the most original rackets, you have to be more than ever careful in case someone, recognising the name of a horse of his own, finds that the cop fits.

Is It the Story or Me?

*In the gay people push into circles
To listen to jokes that send me into ripples
And inevitably the game are to me as trials.
That I develop a pain in a region mid-legs
But strongly when I meet people of phrases
And recount the same story with apt digs and gestures.
The audience usually sighs, sometimes quite shrill—
So what is it? Me, or the story that I tell?*

—W.G.D.

Nat Gould wrote well over 200 novels, and thousands of horses galloped, trotted, limped or were "pulled" through his pages. Practically every one had to have a name.

It is hard to realize that a man could give so many treats so plain with the same theme, but Nat Gould did it. And he gave more publicity and a greater fillip to the sport than any other writer has ever done before or since. He pictured a racecourse that was not the happy hunting ground of pumps and touts, turgens, bookmakers — fat and gross — and punters — lean and broke, or breaking. On his courses were the cream of society, lovers of thorough-breds, connoisseurs of horse-flesh. And the stake was frequently the mortgage on the old homestead. And the heroine beautiful and a good horse-woman to boot.

What is more, Nat Gould wrote in a simple style that had universal appeal. He jumped into his story in the first page and held the interest to the last. The result was that he was widely read and enjoyed by people who would sooner be seen dead than on a racecourse. Whether his fiction ever started any on the downward path has not been recorded.

Nat Gould's first novel was published in Sydney. He came to Australia from England (born Manchester, 1857) at the age of 27 with the intention of staying a few months. He got a job as junior reporter on the *Bradshaw Telegraph*, then on the *Sydney Referee*.

It was the latter which published his first novel. Written around the Melbourne Cup, under the pen name of Verax, it was entitled *With the Tide*. It was the start of a torrent.

Gould stayed eleven years in Australia and, when he finally returned to England, he took a wife with him. Then he settled down to write but, as like so many Australians who have gone to England to earn a living by their pen after storing by it in Australia, his settings remained Australian.

For many years the action — and there was plenty of it — of his novels revolved around Flemington, Randwick and the other racetracks of Australia. Melbourne Cups were run in nearly every one of them, buck-jumpers, outlaw horses and even travelling crumens, graced their way through them.

Gould probably thought up more things that could happen to a horse to prevent him from winning than any other man living and, what is probably

more amazing, he invariably found a way of countering each "leakproof" piece of devilry.

That he was recognized not only as a novelist of the turf but also as a sporting expert was proved by the phenomenal sales of the *Nat Gould's Sporting Annual*, which was published without a break from 1900 to 1914, and which, incidentally, included a full-length racing novel.

Towards the end of his career, when his memories of Australian courses and Australian ways naturally grew dim — although some research in his pen works would have put him right — English settings replaced the Australian ones.

But more than half of his great output of over 200 novels were set in Australia.



"You'll have to speak to Junior. He's just informed me he doesn't want to be man's best friend!"

The Crying Dove

The Maori call it Korotangi; they do not know its origin, or even what it represents, but the Kaohia people would rather die than offend their tribal totem.



OLD Johnny Wirema, down at Kaohia, knows all about the crying dove, as every Maori does. Squatting on the sand by the harbour, making fish traps from bent reeds, old Johnny wiggles his big toes like cocktail waitresses, and loves to tell the story—the story that is substantiated by historical and scientific records.

Korotangi, eh? I tell you, then. You go down there and you find Taimui buried in the sacred grove by the beach—great Taimui, the canoe 80 foot long, that has been there 600 years.

Taimui came with many more boats, from 'way over the sea, from Hawaii, in the great

migration of the 14th century. They bring my people to this land. And my people bring many things—many mums, too. You know what mums is, eh? Mascots, the white man say, emblems for luck, to make the soil grow, bring food and put more years on a man.

And Korotangi, the crying dove—they bring him, too.

My people make all those other things themselves, but Korotangi—he different. No Maori make that feller. I have had men ask me: Johnny, they say, where the origin of that Korotangi? What he represent, eh?

I have to smile at them.

The Maori: he don't know

how old Korotangi is. When they got him, my ancestors, he was a mystery then, just as now. Something that belonged to people like you and me that went into dust long long ago, and no man ever know who they were.

Some white men say Korotangi very old. Thousands of years pass over Korotangi's head, they say, with men bowing to him, full of reverence, and a great many having awe, as I and my people have awe today.

How we know it a not Paly-anian, eh? Well, you go look at the things we carve, the way we work. Not the same at all. And another thing: Korotangi, he carved out of some green stone. Hard as iron, the stone, like metal. You know you take a knife and try to cut a cockle, no good. Just the same, you bang the Korotangi with a sledge-hammer, you cannot break him. How his maker ever work him I don't know.

No man knows what this stone is, where it came from. Another thing: this Korotangi is not a pigeon, though he look like one. He is not a bird of any kind that is known in the world. He has no claws like the tin, the kivi, or the gall there in the air. Funny thing that, eh? Strange, eh?

So they say he is a bird that was. And they say: Maybe some old man of Chios or

Japan sat in his plum garden and worked with great patience, carving Korotangi, putting there the great art that is in him.

And others will say men from Malay carved him, and others that he was made in the coloured dirty cities of India, and some will tell you how Korotangi was a god in the temples of a strange land called Asia: how he was there for years in the steaming jungle in a little sacred pit that is now lost among the growths and will never be seen again. Others again say Korotangi a relic of a place that used to be in these great Pacific seas, a continent that went under the deep and left only him, the crying dove.

It is not for me, Johnny Wirema, to say. You see that, eh? Well, I get back a bit now and I tell you what they did with Korotangi when they pulled great Taimui the canoe up on the beach of Kaohia.

The Kaohia people look upon Korotangi with adoration. Human and divine he is, and he is with them for generations. He is the god, the totem of the tribe, and there is a terrible tapu on him, so that a man would die rather than offend him.

My old people—they would in season sow the sweet potato, and the takings—the priest, you know that—he would take

Korotangi to the fields as they would bring forth good crops. And in battle they made him the sign of the god of war, throwing him before them, and maybe he heard the chants of the tohungas and the howls of the drunken warriors.

And then he vanished. He went, and no one knows how or why. Sad were my people, and they made a song to Korotangi that is sung even now at funerals.

For a hundred years or so Korotangi was gone, but one day in the roost of a tree blown down by a storm, a farmer found him; and a chieftainess of the Waikato tribe, married to a white man, got him.

Big day, that. Men, women, kids, rich, poor and inbetween, big chiefs and native politicians all came and craned at the white man's house and sang songs of welcome.

But one chief, he say to the chieftainess: You throw that Korotangi in the river, for he is magic and you will suffer great harm.

She would not do that. No; she kept Korotangi, and I tell you, true as the sun goes down, she did suffer. A woman of her family was drowned, two other relatives were killed in accidents, and other things happen—very funny bad luck. Her husband he had illness and lost a lot of money, but he said he would outlast Korotangi's curse. He didn't.

When Korotangi came down to his grandson, that feller would have nothing to do with him. He was afraid, and it wasn't gamman, either. For you know what he did? He took that Korotangi down to Wellington and put him away in a bank. That's all about Korotangi.

Leaving Johnny, you might care to go to Wellington and have a look in the vault. All you will see is the squatty, little green bird, ten and a quarter inches long, weighing nearly five pounds, resting on a perch—ordinary, except for the undeniable atmosphere of an ogre and evil about it.



A Quick Descent

An alien came home on leave from a combat area. The comfort of a bed suddenly became a creation, for he talked in his sleep, walked in his sleep, and generally acted as though he were still on combat duty. One night, he jumped out of bed and yelled: "We're out of gas, folks! Ball out!" He pulled the ripcord—and his pyjamas fell off.



"You drowsyhead child! What have I told you about playing with darts?"

Patents for Peace

The first patent specification was lodged in the 17th century. To-day, the Australian Patents Office is a treasure house of ideas for the opportunist.



IN his book-lined study near the Tower in 17th century London a man named Rastbury, a mathematician with friends in high places, worked hard on an important commission.

His job was to devise some means of impressing upon the Continental powers, for political as well as trade reasons, the magnitude of London's development.

In planning this, the first publicity campaign, Rastbury invented an ingenious folded card which showed his city as a series of pictures and diagrams.

Rastbury's invention was made unique by the fact that it was covered by the first patent

specification to be lodged in the just formed British Patents Office.

Today, a copy of this No. 1 specification, together with copies of every single British patent specification since that time, are in the records at Australia's Patents Office at Canberra.

In this dignified, white-marble building a block away from Parliament House is stored a vast reservoir of human ingenuity. From these records have come the technical answers to many vital wartime problems, and there are still great untapped resources remaining to assist Australia to build for peace.

The staff of the Patents Office, whose functions are imperfectly understood by most Australians, work long hours these days.

After dark an eerie blue light of dancing brilliance shines from a back window and spills over the surrounding lawns in a splash of colour. The light is burning in the copying room, where Patents officials are making photostat copies of filed specifications for hundreds of inquirers from all over the Commonwealth.

For 1/6, each of these inquirers can get a photographic copy of some Australian invention, complete in the smallest detail. For only a shilling the specification of any foreign invention, similarly detailed and complete, can be obtained.

From these specifications may spring a new industry, an inspiration for the expansion of an existing one, or the means of converting a wartime industry to the pursuits of peace.

Most Australians, justifiably confused by the intricacies of patent law, fail, however, to realize what a fundamental difference there is between a patent and a specification, and how loose a definition they customarily apply to the term "patent."

In this difference lies a possible source of wealth for progressive Australians and prosperity for Australian industry.

For, while hundreds of thousands of specifications in the records of the Patents Office at Canberra represent the descriptions of ingenious devices and processes conceived by inventors all over the world, only a comparatively small percentage of them are protected by Letters Patent granted in Australia.

There have been many instances in recent years of Australian manufacturers entering into agreements with overseas interests for the payment of huge sums in royalties—payments which needn't have gone out of the country.

These Australians just didn't know what a vast difference there is between a specification and a patent. And the people who demanded the royalties didn't disclose that they hadn't bothered to seek Letters Patent in Australia.

The Patents Office, a branch of the Commonwealth Attorney General's Department, occupies only one wing of the pretentious Patents building.

It is staffed by men with elephant-like memories, each of them specialists in some mechanical or scientific sphere.

The elaborate index system, which notes the thousands of patent specifications, is as ingenious as many of the inventions it records. Complex cross-indexing classifies an invention in all its conceivable applications.

There's No Tonic In Spring

*I do not like spring, for it came so gladdening
The reason to me is quite definitely maddening
Don't grieve to me of Nature's glad liberation
Unless you're prepared for an abundant migration
For I've found that the winter's a great debaser
To stay in bed with a cold—where to press me a heater
And thanks to the invention of Alex Hall and Tom Salvin
I can refer to the loss that I've found in taking medicine
So me I'll take winter, be it ever so plain
I'll take my medicine! My medicine's mine!*

Then a liquid preparation for polishing the finger-nails may contain appropriate ingredients for absorbent paint. The invention is indexed accordingly, and an inquirer from the aircraft industry might find the answer to his problem in the file on finger-nail polish.

The staff at the Patents Office is so completely practiced that, as likely as not, an officer can tell you not only whether an idea you have in mind has already been patented, but often he will remember the number of the specification and will produce it without reference to the index!

Patents officials will tell you it's not wise for an inventor to talk to anybody about his in-

vention before he runs up the idea legally in accordance with patents procedure, the first step in which is to lodge his specification and apply for a patent.

To illustrate the danger of prior publicity they tell a story about those paper cement bags which are so common in Australia.

The bag embodies not only an ingenious arrangement of paper layers to give strength, but it also includes a paper flap which closes the bag by the pressure of its contents after the cement is injected pneumatically.

A patent was granted for this device, but later it transpired that at a meeting at a Sydney hotel the question of the ex-

position of the invention had been discussed.

This would have been quite all right except for the fact that the invention had been discussed and therefore publicly disclosed, before the application for a patent was lodged.

Proceedings for the revocation of the patent were started, and finally the Privy Council declared the patent invalid.

In 1938, the last year for which detailed records are available, 3,341 Letters Patent were granted in the Commonwealth. But 19,000 Letters Patent were granted in this year in Great Britain, 38,000 in the United States and 44,000 in Germany.

Thus, of 101,000 patents granted in Great Britain, the United States and Germany in 1938, specifications for all of which came to Australia, only

a small proportion were actually patented in Australia, and therefore became subject to royalty payments when used in this country.

What a wealth of technical information was available in the remainder!

Regularly the Patents Office in Canberra publishes its own official journal—the record of specifications lodged with it. The journal looks like something Jules Verne might produce, but few people these days have the hardihood to sniff at a weird invention!

An idea might be covered by Australian Letters Patent and therefore subject to royalty payment and agreement with the inventor.

But it might be that the specification of the idea you want hasn't been patented in Australia at all!



"I get it far confusing!"

Devil's Footprints

Man, beast, fowl—or spiritual visitors? What was this Thing that left tracks in a single line; that had a cloven hoof; and that could walk through solid walls?



MR. JACOB PUDNEY bear his children and feared God. Superstition and tradition worked in his soul with all the strength and haptness wildness of the heathen. He lived in Devonshire.

One morning after a heavy fall of snow, he went outside his house, and stood stock-still, his eyes staring, his mouth dropping; for there in the snow he saw the foot-prints of the devil. His teeth chattered, and he began to breathe as though he had run a long way.

These tracks he saw belonged to no animal he knew. They were made by nothing—man, beast, or fowl—on earth. He knew that, for he searched

to find a common explanation; he hated strangeness and mystery. He didn't want to accept the footprints as those of Satan if he could help it.

He could see them going for miles, dark depressions in the virgin snow. He ran to look himself in his house, but he pulled up short at what he saw.

One track led right up the wall of the house and stopped there. Pudney stared up over the roof, but it was unmarked. When he went around to the other side of the house, the tracks began again as though the owner of them had walked straight through his shade, through brick wall and interwoven furniture.

He ran shouting towards the village, like a pecked snuck, shouting jargon about the devil.

Soon, all the countryside were looking at the mysterious foot-prints, expressing fear and awe. They had every right to believe that they had been made by a spiritual visitor.

The foot-print was cloven, and in countless places it went straight up to the walls of houses, and resumed directly on the other side. The absence of marks over the snowy roofs showed a head's gone that way. And it hadn't gone around the sides. In some places there were cloven prints on the roofs.

All that was scaring enough, but further revelations were a source of greater fear and horror among the superstitious. For the marks were not local. They were made all over the south of Devonshire, from Teignmouth to Exmouth, and, as the prints were made straight, it was impossible for any creature, animal or human, in the known world, to have covered such a distance in the time. This was a bewildering, and to some, terrifying peculiarity.

And now, if this Thing were human, how could it have walked along narrow walls, how could it have scaled walls fifteen feet high to walk about in gardens and courtyards? How could it have entered through locked gates?

How did it walk up to haystacks, neither walk around them or over them and yet continue exactly in a continuous line on the other side?

How did it go under fruit trees, and gooseberry bushes without disturbing them?

The rustics, shivering in terror, locking themselves in their houses when the fearsome night came upon them, could only refer the answer to the Demon.

Came the scientists and the theologists to heighten the excitement and increase the fear.

"How do you explain," asked a rustic, "the fact that we haven't been able to find a standing or resting place for this creature?"

"I can't," said the scientist; "but we might yet."

They didn't.

The Rev. Musgrave declared from his pulpit: "There is a great possibility that a kangaroo is responsible."

"What? In Devonshire, on both sides of the River Ex?"

"Kangaroos, nothing!" added science. "These are the tracks of a biped, not a quadruped. But what sort of biped is it that makes tracks in a single line, approximately right angles from each other; very much like the shoe of a donkey, and measuring from two and a quarter to two and a half inches across; that has a cloven hoof, concave in shape?"

All of England debated the mystery, at clubs, tea, and in the newspapers, while in the affected parts men, women and children were still indoors by sunset, saying that it was dangerous and sinful to flirt with what was manifestly the Devil's work.

"Everywhere," says an eye-witness, "in every parish, the footprints were exactly the same size and the steps the same length, and foot followed foot in a single line. The creature must have covered a hundred miles in the one night. Besides, it crossed an estuary of sea two miles broad. Even if a man were able to do that, this could not be a man, for no man on earth walks in a single line."

"It was a bird of some kind," said an impossibility.

"Impossible," was the general answer. "No, the British Museum, the Zoological Society, the keepers at the Regent's Park menagerie, despite the accurate copies of the prints sent them, are unable to identify them with anything in the world."

Thomas Fox, theocrat, said: "These marks, I verily believe, have been made by the four feet of a leaping cat."

"It's an otter," said another.

Richard Owen, the great naturalist, gave his opinion: "It is undoubtedly a badger. And not one, but several."

The rustic chorused to all

there: "They don't fit the facts. Badgers don't scale walls, or walk through sheds as if they weren't there. And we know what the prints of a badger, a rat, and an otter are like as well as we know those of a rabbit, a dog, and a cat. These prints are something we have never seen before, or heard tell of."

So what was it? Was it some strange animal from the sea, that came up dripping, curious, hungry, on to that Devon coast; some phenomenon from the watery waste with feet heaved and small, that walked with steps like a goat; some amphibian that could cover a hundred miles in a night, never pausing to rest, that wandered among the loneliness and darkness; that went up to buildings of all kinds as though they were gloomy, hulking animals and then away from them, some nagsparill that could invadish itself, that could climb as well, or pass through matter as light passes through the atmosphere?

Was it this, or was it in truth the Devil visiting the dead to be? Jacob Padbury and thousands believed the latter, and Padbury feared God still but stopped beating his children. It happened long ago—1835 to be exact—but it is still one of the greatest of mysteries.

There are records of other foot addresses throughout the



"Two parts hydrogen, one part oxygen . . . water!"

world, with at least some sort of natural explanation.

In New Zealand in 1934-5, after heavy rains and great winds, and during a land slide, the surface of a certain road was torn away. When the workmen were clearing it, they discovered a peculiar three-toed imprint in the sub-soil. It was clearly defined, and when they measured it they found it to be eighteen inches long by a foot wide.

Scientists gnawed their teeth when they learned that the workmen, instead of protecting the print so that a cast could be taken, had allowed the weather to obliterate it.

For it was the tell-tale mark of a bird, 12 feet high—the race—made in the clay of a river bank 500 years before.

Travellers in the Himalayas have sometimes come across the print of a bear; and for a good while it was thought that it had been made by the panda, that curious black and white animal that exists only in Tibet.

When this rare animal was captured and placed in the Zoo, science could definitely determine that its prints and

those in the Himalayan snow were not the same. Scorpions, however, still believed that they were made naturally by some animal, as yet unknown. They supported the contention by pointing out that until about five years ago the panda had never been in captivity.

But natives say there are the footprints of the snow men of the Himalayas, a community of strange beings that have never been seen by the civilized world.

And their explanation is that the mysterious and reclusive snow men mastered the ability to make themselves invisible. They tell, even more blood-curdlingly, of the cannibalism of these strange men: cutting and tearing limbs from their stunned or conscious victims and consuming it raw.

There are people, of course, who scoff; they cannot explain how it is that in the hamlets of that dark country the bodies of monks have been found—naked, dead, and half-eaten—any more than scientists have found any explanation to those baffling tracks.

Or an answer to why is the Sphinx?

Because of current import restrictions the Government is unable to permit the use of high-grade paper on Australian magazines, except on a few necessary pages. The publishers ask readers to understand this position and give their assurance that post-war paper quality will be resumed as soon as is practicable.

the Public Libraries

In these days of restricted entertainment and general boredom, a visit to the public libraries will go a long way towards restoring that calm and powerful frame of mind so necessary to the maintenance of sanity in times of stress. If you believe that we are a nation of reader-mad, and that our culture is limited to the Purple Press, a glance of the books recently in demand will surprise you. Scattered about our table were "The Mother Boat," "Bird Facts and Fancies," "The Humble Bee," "Fundamental Principles of Bacteriology," "The Essence of Plato's Philosophy," "The Psychology of Consciousness," "Ghosts in Old Furniture," and "Art Lies Waiting."

As a pointer to the times there were a couple of "Our Gown and Gown," and "Art, Lies and Mystery."



... in the age of Dislocation and Maximalism, a player is discarded, without any specific symphonology, by Gerdner. Suchlike places the author's a little later.



One of our Affairs passes his way through the *Australian Constitution*.



"Body should be weighed regularly each week. In the first three days body usually loses half a pound, then the pain of its organs, until by the end of fourteen days it is a right back where it started from."

**SMOKING
STRICTLY PROHIBITED**

**LOITERING
OR PLAGUING
IS PROHIBITED**



Clients in some of our reading rooms need to be very strong in the legs, as they do all their reading while standing. Before one newspaper after another, equally absorbed in the financial news, the latest murder, and the *Situation Front* columns they will stand for hours and when they have finished with all the newspapers they can always turn to the most interesting of the wall notices.

He makes the statement here. (Shown.
"That absolutely nothing
is known of the benefits
of the Common Bell.")



Head in Fire, Bitch Spitch,
And They Never Mart.

Remember? Schoolbags!

Fads in Your Life

"Culture" can bring grief—particularly if it's adopted in middle-age. To those spouses whose partners are suffering a lapse, psychologists say: "Retaliate!"



THE night Alf Shedy bought 3/- seats to see an amateur revival of *East Lynne*, Mrs. Shedy scented trouble. And she wasn't wrong. The next day, Alf announced that he had discovered drama, and intended to seek the lure of the footlights.

Being a wise woman, and an extremely good wife, Mrs. Shedy offered no protest to her husband's preposterous scheme.

There might have been ructions in any other home, when the aspiring Irving woke his wife from a deep sleep to hear his lines. On the contrary, Mrs. Shedy slowly winked her eyes into focus, and granted *Alf's* lines back at his enthusiastic

Spore crouching on the edge of the bed.

And she waited.

Eventually, her patience was rewarded. Alf's big part was a sticky flap, and he shamefacedly crept back to his hearth-rug and his tomato plants.

Culture, discovered late in life, has been the cause of many a painful parting. Psychologists describe these sudden crashes as "whims," which shake a man's moulded, solid soul violently.

There was the case of George B. For forty-five years, George had led a respectable, even mundane life. He said his wife had raised six children to something like healthy adolescence and adulthood, and during the pre-

cross, he had decided that his was an existence of comfort, happiness and well-being.

The change began when the Junior Partner of George's firm asked him to Sunday morning golf. The Junior Partner was a health fanatic, who took an almost frenzied delight in taking the members of the firm by the hand and leading them along the chilly road to vitality.

George was his latest victim. Undaunted, on the bold exposure of the golfcourse, George listened dumbly to a long lecture on the benefits of Yoga, and how music and literature can cleanse and heal—if only the mind is responsive.

Next day, he happened to smile into the Junior Part-

ner's office and bring up the subject of Mental and Physical Reformation. Later in the week, Mrs. George B. was plainly shocked to see her husband stretched in an unusual position on the bathroom floor. Grunting considerably, he was trying to place both his feet somewhere in the vicinity of his abdomen. The object of his worship seemed to be a leather-bound, gilt-edged book, which he had propped up against the bath.

Mrs. George B. was annoyed. Rather gaily, George tried to explain that he was merely practicing Control of Will, or something of the sort. But his wife retaliated with a long lecture on Chills in the Back, and the experiment developed into

a heavy domestic row.

One well-known psychologist who was consulted by a visibly shaken middle-aged man, learned that the man's wife had thrown up her household duties in favour of art. Apparently, she had hired a dark little studio somewhere in the catacombs of Town, and cultivating a queer assortment of people, all of whom wore long hair and baggy breeches.

The psychologist's advice was Retaliation. Without realising it, Emma's husband was making the situation even worse by advancing so much protest. In retaliation, he should cooperate—he kindly, sympathetic, and even cordial to her friends. Eventually, Emma's

old and useful self would reassert itself, and without any real Cause to fight for, she would naturally rid herself of the parasites on her home.

Doctors look plainly worried when complaints such as these crop up. Intellectuals, they say, are born, not cultivated. The cultivated man are always the most dangerous, and the most phoney. The reason for such a decided and sudden yen for culture in middle-life is always superficial. It comes from some outside influence—not from within. If it did, you would have wanted to grow your hair and cultivate a beard whilst you were still in nappies. And even a child prodigy can sometimes be a bore.



Was My Face Red?

Radio entertainment is sometimes influenced by a few japs. It may be funny for the audience, but there's at least one person who is unhappy—the studio announcer.



CONTRARY to the expectations of all his friends, Henry became a good radio announcer.

His voice was passable, he could instill just the right amount of sincerity into his commercials, and above all, he could tell a joke against himself. That was important.

When Henry began to rise in the radio world, the people who previously ignored him decided that he wasn't such a bad fellow after all. That is what radio success does for a person.

In the meantime, Henry continued to tell jokes against himself—like the time he said "Struth" with the microphone open, and the morning he

played the wrong theme for the News.

Radio announcers, in general, refuse to be embarrassed. An embarrassed announcer is not a popular man. With flamboyance and an air, he poses the most outrageous slips over the ether, and shrugs them off. This is what they call *clown*.

Keith Radio of Station ZGB, Sydney, tells the story of his announcing job at Kingsway, Queensland. After wading through a lengthy session on accident prevention, Keith suddenly stepped backwards and fell over the studio gang.

With the microphone wide open, he delivered a few telling remarks before he got himself,

the gang, and the microphone together again.

With great charm and manner, Norman Barckis of 3KZ, Melbourne, conducted his popular *Price of the People* session in the foyer of the now burnt-out Regent Theatre. Norman is a popular announcer, noted for his quick wit.

One night, asking a nervous-looking fellow to describe how to "box a compass," Norman stood back to let his listeners hear the man. It was a difficult question Norman knew that, the listeners knew that, and so did the victim. But nevertheless, he launched into a lengthy and highly technical exposition of the case.

After three minutes of dazzling scenery, Norman broke in. "Thank you, sir. That was really wonderful."

"But I haven't finished yet!" replied the man. And he continued to describe the bearing of the compass for the complete length of the session. Was Norman's face red?

A Melbourne announcer came a buster one night when he informed his listeners that two well-known theatricals had been wed that afternoon.

"And," the announcer continued joyfully, "they have just returned to the theatre to rehearse for the evening's performance!" There was a distinct rise in his fan-mail after that one.

None the less embarrassing, but just as delightful for the listeners, was Collins Lyneard's error one afternoon in Radio 2UE Sydney's "Woman's Get Together."

During the session, Collins conducted an improvisation competition, in which she invited the ladies to the microphone to give their imitations of animals.

On this particular afternoon, the competition required the ladies to *meow*. Choosing her competitors, Collins stood on the edge of the platform with an engaging smile and cooed: "Now, then, all you old cats—up to the microphone!"

The ladies laughed. They might not have done so if Collins had not been so popular.

The playing of unsuitable records after important announcements has caused many blushes in radio studios. After announcing that there would be a distinct increase in the Federal Income Tax, an unwary announcer blithely played *Everybody's Laughing*.

Auntie Mae of Radio 2UE Sydney still laughs over her favorite "story - against - her - self." At the beginning of the war, most radio stations took short-wave broadcasts of speeches by President Roosevelt. These speeches were important, even momentous events, and each station broadcast trailers concerning the

speech during their early sessions.

A little preoccupied with something else, Aunt May Flinn read the announcement. "At twelve o'clock sharp, Radio ZUE will be relaying a speech by Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." It swamped the studio switchboard with calls.

To the point at the wailing end of the speaker, slips like these are a welcome diversion from the almost stereotyped radio style which is fed into the microphone. But announcers have to be careful. According to the rules, they cannot broadcast blasphemies, blue jokes, suggestive fluff, or explosive personal opinions.

If at any time these rules are broken, there are always a few enthusiasts in the listening audience who take the trouble to inform the announcer of the fact. Anyhow, there's a law against it. Some announcers, however, consider that mistakes detract from their dignity of the air.

The mistakes of some announcers go straight on to the air. Norman Blackler of ZGN announced the "Locust News" one morning, and laughed his way out of his embarrassment; Ted Ordell of Radio ZUE said, during one of his "Tales," that "Bill was born six months after his mother died." Hundreds of listeners wrote to tell him about it.

Then there are the tongue-twisters. Seated in front of an unresponsive microphone with only a few bored Control operators for company on the other side of a pane of glass, any announcer is liable to string a few words together wrongly. Big Hussy-Casper of Radio ZUE once announced Harry Jones' "Rumpet Trep-sody."

Quite unconsciously, every one of us falls into the most outrageous misstatements. But when there is a microphone situated in the vicinity, ready to spread your words to a listening audience of untold magnitude, the joke doesn't seem so funny to the announcer.

Rather red was the face of the Melbourne announcer who read the river heights instead of the rainfall one morning. To cover up he quipped, "Black—I've flooded the country?"

During the relay of a country church service one Sunday morning, a Sydney announcer decided to fix one of the turntables in the studio which had been giving trouble. Unfortunately, he forgot to switch the microphone completely off, and, during the sermon, the listeners could hear the most amazing murmur of voices at the same time. The words were not exactly those expected during a church service,

either. Mixed up with the Reverend's discourse, the listeners heard someone say:

"Pass that sparrer, will you? I can't see what I'm doing under here. You'll have to shine the light a little further on to this side."

Then someone answered . . . "What the hell do you think I'm doing? I'm holding it almost up to your nose now."

"Well, hold it a bit further over. Good, this thing gave me a helluva lot of trouble this morning. I'll get it fixed if it is the last thing I do."

Some infuriated listeners informed the station that there were some lacklens in the Reverend's congregation, and

couldn't someone do something about it. The station was puzzled. Finally, they discovered the cause of the trouble, and the unannounced announcements were put off the air.

At an audience participation programme—Harry Yates' "Digger Show," broadcast through Radio ZUE, Harry backs up the sermon with his remark concerning a philanthropic bachelor, and lay preacher, who had taken one of his poems back to his diocese. "I am deeply honored," announced Harry, "that you have taught this poem to so many of your children scattered about the Northern rivers." Even the poet roared with laughter.



"It's about time we told John the facts of life about men and women, and that sort of thing."

Return of the Champ

She began her career by winning a dancing contest; in her first stage appearance, she missed her cue; yet went ahead to win international renown.



BACK in the jenny days of 1927, a small, perky fapper with red hair entered a ballroom dancing contest.

Statisticians never computed the miles she covered, revolving solemnly over dance floors—winning the championship heats, semi-finals, finals—right up to the big night when she won the dancing championship at Sydney's Palace Royal.

Part of the accrued glory of victory was a trip to Melbourne to appear as an exhibition dancer. The kid was still in her early teens—so young that permits were required to enable her to go to Melbourne.

She was about the size of a kitten's whisker. Her russet

hair was slicked down to peaky spiculs on her cheeks. She had a cocky air of self-assurance that made her seem much older than her actual years.

It would have been enough for most girls to win a dancing championship. That was fame.

But this kid had ideas. She didn't want to go on forever giving dancing exhibitions. She, like many girls of her age, had a yen for the stage.

At that time Leon Gordon was picking the cast for a Michael Aiden play—*The Green Hat*. The fapper got a part—a small part. The kid known in the theatre as "teen coughs and a spit."

She made the most of her

four words—"Ben tot, non doctor"—throughout rehearsal. But on the opening night, she didn't go on. There she was, waiting to rush on and act, and got so confused that her entrance came and went—and she wasn't there. Afterwards, Gordon took her to one side: "You won't forget to go on tomorrow night, will you?"

She didn't forget. Lesser perhaps have squelched careers before. So, she didn't forget.

She went on the next time. And as she, playing a maid, walked silently off stage with dustpan and brush, a member of the audience swooned loudly. It fairly rocked the rest of the audience, but they applauded, sympathetically, the scared kid.

That, too, would have been a setback to most beginners...

That night, George Parker, producer of a fluffy comedy—*Gracie Smathers*—was watching. He was sending a company out on tour, and needed a fapper for the touring cast. He liked the look of the kid—offered her the part. She took it.

She was good, once she got into her stride. She was fresh and had a good sense of timing. Her voice, small and clear, carried perfectly in the theatre—reaching even to the back row of the gallery where the mythical deaf old man always sits—the person to whom all players direct their lives.

The red-headed dancer had got what she wanted. She was an actress.

Somewhere about that time, she got the idea that she ought to behave like an actress. Each night, taking her curtain calls, she bowed graciously to her Dear Public. One of these dignified, steady bows—little more than an inclination of the head—directed to the gallery, the circle, the stalls...

Until one night when the curtain came down unexpectedly in the middle of this bowing business, and knocked the gracious actress smack on her face.

She says that cured her forever of the stately lady act.

Then followed a succession of fopper parts. She played little tough girls... naive girls... wistful Cinderellas. Critics described her variously as slim... piquant... cute... pixie-ish...

When casting began for the production of *The Patsy*, it was a natural for the dancing champ. And the name *Agnes Dwyer* was blazoned as the show's star. Whether Agnes Dwyer made *The Patsy*, or vice versa is a debatable point. The part fitted her like a wet bathing suit, she was an immediate success. *As The Patsy* she was known in all capital cities in Australia... New Zealand... on tour from Cairns to Katoomba.

The Pathetic Ascleic

While my love of pleasure is
unabated
My resources to satisfy some's
are fully limited
While others have money
and money and money
The way to riches never enters
their heads
but it is one of life's and nature's
secrets
That no one has the same
characteristics

After doing a few seasons in straight shows, she switched to musical comedy—Victorine in the revival of *A Night Out*, with the late Gus Blumert for less auspicious number.

One of her tricks had a large chiffon bow. Gus ate it each night. It used to make the little Doyle feel rather embarrassed, but she soon realized that the audience loved anything that Gus did—or said. Even when he introduced her to the stalls with: "She's just come over from the legitimate"—she didn't mind.

In between straight shows she did a lot of musicals. Revivals of *Sam o' Gassy* another little tough girl in an Australian show, *Blue Mountain Melody*, with Midge Ellson and Cyril Richard, written by Charles Zwer and Jimmie Bonche.

"Bubbles from Britain" in *White Parents Sleep*—a bright comedy written by Captain Anthony Kinnison, R.N., who is now in Sydney organizing the R.N. Naval Information Department. "Bubbles," of course, was a natural for the Doyle, so was the daughter in *Frank Paddy*, Ivor Novello's satire on Australians in England.

Back again to play *The Patsy*, revived in the last show at Sydney's Criterion Theatre, long since demolished. She was the last actress, she says, regrettably, to occupy the star dressing-room at the old "Coi".

After that, she packed up her bags and prize cuttings and headed for America and Broadway.

So far as Australia knew her, she vanished from the news. There was no word on what she was doing, successful or otherwise. She dropped right out of the local news.

And smacked into headlines in America. Fellow-passenger on the ship was Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith. He took the Broadway apogee under his wing, even to taking her with him on a triumphal procession when he arrived in the States, escorted by arms waiting police cars, 'n' everything, she remembers.

Smith borrowed a plane and flew her up to San Francisco. On the way, they had three

(Continued on page 52)



"I like to guess people's occupations, don't you?"



THE ACCIDENT

By Emile Mercier

forced landings in the Sierras—and when they did arrive, it was to find that famous streamer Wiley Post had that day been killed. The telephone never stopped ringing. Practically every newspaper in the States wanted Smith's opinion on how it had happened.

Another Australian well known in America, Snowy Baker, took the small Doyle out to his Riviera Polo Club, there to ride horses to her heart's delight.

The cocky little walk which had captured her home audiences didn't miss out in the States. Producer Walter Wanger sent for Agnes, gave her a test. She wasn't used to Hollywood's ways, hung around waiting to hear what the test was like. She waited for three weeks and didn't hear, so decided she wasn't a potential film star and crept off to New York.

Frank Fields was going into production. Agnes strolled in as the producer, flourished her press notices for the Australian show—and got her original part! Then she learned from Margaret Anglin, once known in Australia, and playing Agnes' mother in the new show, that the Wanger test had been good—very good; that Wanger had been waiting for Agnes to get in touch with him, as was customary.

"I wouldn't know," she re-

fused, slapping cleansing cream on her face. "They do things that way over there."

What Hollywood lost, Broadway gained. New York critics lauded her work in *Frank Fields*.

After her first show closed, she went to England, but decided that she preferred the American Theatre. It liked her, too. She did radio work, television, and went on "the road" with a travelling show.

She didn't adopt an American accent in any show; she did change a few words—not a critic commented that she wasn't an American. "So much for phoney accents!"

After she'd toured for 18 months with *You, My Darling Daughter*, she did another quick trip to England, returning early in 1939 to the States.

For 18 months after war broke out, she worked—"really worked hard—all the time" for the Ministry of War Transport, and raised hundreds of thousands of 'dollars for the American war loans . . .

J. C. Nugent, playwright and producer, wrote a part specially for her in *That Old Devil*. She did it in New York, once more on tour, and on the point of going overseas for the USO—she was offered the part of Sally in *The Peer of the Purple*—to do it in Australia.

(Continued on page 54)



"If you'd patronized the movies more often, you'd have worked up to me long ago . . ."

Just before Easter, 1945, she came home . . .

Old friends wondered . . .
Will Doyle be the same . . .
will she be upstage? . . .
moody . . . ?

She wasn't. She was different, certainly—but who wouldn't be after nearly 10 years? Her hair isn't slicked down any longer—she combs it up into a halo. But she still stands squarely on tiny feet placed widely apart, has the same devastating frankness of opinion . . . square, stubby hands, complete lack of affectation.

She was always tiny—five feet and-a-bit, and doesn't diet to keep at her 103 pounds weight. And she has a habit of swinging around to look in-

terly at people—catching them unawares.

The Belle Doyle's professional and private life are distinct.

She likes playing bridge, and reading, but since she's been home she hasn't had time to read a book. Nor does she drink. "Haven't had a drink for four years," adding that a lot of her old friends wouldn't believe her, but it's the truth.

Tucked around the mirror of her dressing-room are scores of telegrams from all the theatrical profession she'd known here in her Paris days and since she came back. *The Force of the Furore* has run longer than any other play put on at the Miroir since it opened several years ago.



Passing Sentences

Quite often when a girl knocks back a shank it has nothing at all to do with her taste in fare.

Many a slugged who goes to the rat only learns how to beat people.

And, of course, it is not hard to find a man who, while he claims to be fair-minded, will not give his creditors their due!

A girl doesn't have to be a concubine before her body goes to her head!

Familiarity breeds contempt, but, as Lord Kitchener once said, you have to have a certain amount of familiarity to breed anything.

Wanted to Be

Cats are just like human beings, after all, says American professor.—*Hence the term, poor cat!*

British War Office used astrologer to help them make plans.—*Did we thought that only the stars were neutral.*

Australian girls replace glamour with homeliness for British naval men.—*It's cheaper, too.*

Favourite seat after spouse at Barrier.—*Sydney paper's sporting comment.—She was a lesson for the prettier, too.*

Begonia provides £150 insurance for each of his seven wives.—*He needs that against their mother-in-laws.*

Bravetti tells judge she didn't know it was so easy to get arrested.—*Maybe she wasn't that type.*

Few women training as dentists in America.—*They can't bear the sight of someone else's mouth being open.*

Japanese killed in Pacific had quantities of socks, boots, puttees, shirts and trousers in his pocket.—*He must have heard that clothing rationing was in.*

Man blames men for lot of women in Australia.—*If he also could be blame!*

British school children go to police court for lesson in "realities of life".—*Our younger generation could teach the police courts something.*

New states "commemorate tests of endurance and courage." (Meth. dogs).—*What—no Quercus?*

New York judge objects to nude figure in mural.—*Couldn't stand the naked truth.*



"DON'T CLIMB SO HIGH—"



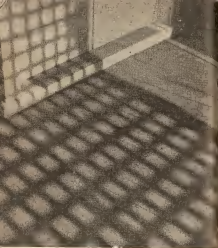
"YOU CAN SEE BETTER DOWN HERE."



"HERE'S YOUR ICE CREAM, SONNY."



"DON'T WE GET SOME, TOO?"



THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY FOR SOMEONE—



THE END OF THE DAY FOR THE MILKMAN!



Personal TOUCHES

W ("BILL") STUART has passed on. For fifty years he was known to the sporting world as the man who procured the Test wickets at the Sydney Cricket Ground, and, from his grandiose view, he, at the end of his time, nominated the greatest personalities in the great Australian game in this order: Jack Gregory, Victor Trumper—and the American cyclist, Major Taylor.

MARJORIE LAWRENCE, Australia's crippled (infantile paralysis) singer, achieved triumph when she played the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Now she has entertained stages in an air tour; she was lowered from the aircraft in a canvas sling, and used a special vehicle.

BETTY HUTTON, the energetic and beautiful popular screen singer, has always sung to critics. Early in her career she climbed the theatre curtain in a fit of exuberance, her nerve failed, and stage staff had to get her down with a ladder.

ABD-EL-MATTAH AMR PASHA, at 36, is Egyptian Minister to London, until the last Egyptian Ambassador resigned to marry an English girl. No stranger to British things, the new Minister as Amr Pasha has been world tennis racket champion for six years, is undefeated at the game, and once led a British team against Americans.

CYRIL RITCHARD and **MADGE ELLIOTT**, Australian theatrical stars, still in London, are playing in Noel Coward's new comic, "Sigh No More." This is the first movie Coward has written since "Words and Music," thirteen years ago.

THOMAS AGST, managing secretary of the United Protestant Association of N.S.W., has asked for a law against persons smoking under 21 years of age and that houses be declared an illegal game.

CHAL DICK ROEFMAN, blind and partially paralyzed American, is, at 34, a talented painter and composer who plays with normal facility, though both his thumbs are stiff and paralyzed.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS' father, James J. Reynolds, is still alive. He has been a schoolteacher for fifty years and now, on the age of 70, has commenced to practice law.

MERLE OBERON, having given up being Lady Korda, has married a second time, to a 37-year old Hollywood cameraman. The marriage was in Juarez, Mexico—by double proxy, which means that neither of them were at their own wedding, where undershades did the legal chores for them while they . . .



Plan for a

POST-WAR HOME (No. 9)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SMITH, A.R.A.S.

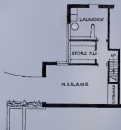
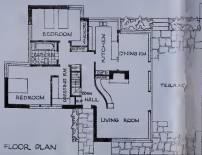
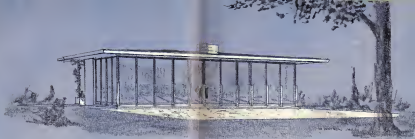
Building sites that are triangular or land that is sloping offer additional problems to the designer, but they are frequently capable of solutions that result in a house of more than usual interest. The plan shows this month is for a block of land that occupies a corner position, with a fairly steep slope across the site.

The main floor is planned on the higher level, with the entrance from one street, while the garage, laundry and store room are on the lower level, with the car approach from the other street.

Living and dining rooms are connected, the division between the two being marked mainly by the fireplace. Both have full height windows and doors all along the sunny side, overlooking a terrace. The kitchen communicates direct with the dining room.

The principal bedroom is not large, but there is a communicating dressing room, which adds immeasurably to the comfort. The second bedroom is furnished with ample built-in wardrobe space while the bathroom is conveniently located between the two bedrooms.

There are cloak and linen cupboards on the upper floor, and a stair leading down to the garage from the entrance hall. This is a particularly convenient arrangement in wet weather. The laundry is large enough to be used as an ironing room, while the store room on the lower floor will be found very useful.





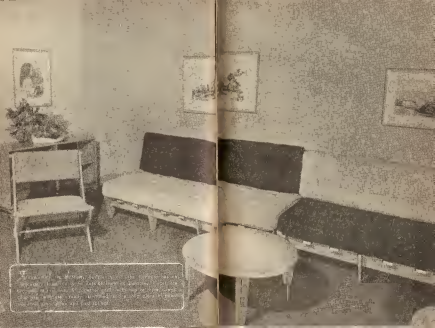
of each nation's culture in any sense. It is, however, a good deal of appeal for those who desire that comfort in its own right. This comfort has its greater convenience in domestic entertainment, such as sports. The night, after a dark, preserves a natural, pleasant atmosphere in keeping with the mood. For the right kind of home, the crystal bar is a good deal of comfort and convenience to have.



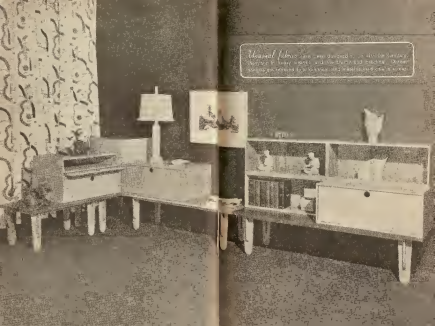
PHOTOGRAPH BY G.H.F.

Ideas FOR YOUR POST-WAR HOME

For the benefit of countless people who, because of wartime exigencies are forced to change their homes often, a New York designer has introduced furniture which can actually be folded up. Folding down and back are packed in cartons, and are easily assembled and set up to make livable furniture on modern lines. It was introduced originally as a war housing project for Navy Yard workers when furnished houses were needed for 5,000 families. Since it has acquired popularity even in permanent homes.



The interior of the building, showing the living room and the kitchen area. The living room features a long, low sofa with a dark backrest and light-colored seat cushions. A small, round, light-colored table is positioned in front of the sofa. To the left, a wooden chair with a slatted back is visible. The walls are covered in a textured, possibly stone or plaster, finish. Several framed artworks are displayed on the walls, including a large abstract piece on the left and smaller pieces on the right. A potted plant sits on a small table near the chair.



*Idealized fabric case - seen through the glass -
shows the heavy weight and the beautiful texture. Other
cases are shown in a variety of materials and colors.*



Simplicity of structure gives the furniture clear stark lines. The pieces have different uses and units may be arranged to fit any room plan. For instance, the lounge room piece could be used as a bedroom dressing table, or its components split up for use as occasional furniture. Although there is a limited number of pieces from which to choose versatility permits standardization. Cap board and storage space is generous and combination of units make variety possible.



The folding furniture, which is easy to live with and easy to move, was designed to meet a shortage of material and floor space. It has been used extensively by women who go to distant centres to be with their servicemen husbands, and by workers who find jobs far away from their former homes. Furniture for a four-roomed house may be set up or dismantled in less than three hours even by inexperienced hands. Light in weight it is made of fired oak or lacquered veneer on plywood.

The Climax

MORRIS McLEOD

Had been away a month or more
On business for the State,
He'd found just life was rather poor
And pick-up dames were just a bore.
The business life with freedom here
Held every an unexpected care
Is far from what he

The job was over, business wound
He filled his breast with glad
New glances at the home he found;
His wife awaited gleefully around
Anticipation at its best.
And he was filled with ready zest
His own back gave to rest

Warm was the welcome he received
From his darling little wife
Long long he learned she sat and grieved
With grief that couldn't be relieved
Until his well-announced return
Wiped from her brow the sorrow stain
And gave her back to life.

So she had set the welcome feast
With all that she could buy;
Skinner was there, and that was least—
The lot of welcome lesser society
There were eggs and caperica
And eggs enough for completion
Profusely met his eye

He ate the meal he drank his fill
Of all that good array;
He wondered at a husband will
How come she get the stuff—world
His eagle eye beneath a show
Saw a gift certified that had fallen there;
PS—
He was divorced today

Mickey Finn

It's an old Alaskan custom, preserved by drink writers
who find patrons troublesome. But the custom is very
hush-hush, and its adherents avoid further discussion.



AT school, you know him as
a personable, if rather a
highspirited, boy. With the
years, he became more boister-
ous, adopting a happily extro-
vert outlook towards the world
which gained him quite a few
friends—and, incidentally, lost
him a considerably greater
number.

Then, because you moved to
another city, he dropped out of
your life, until, accepting an
unwary and forgotten invita-
tion, he "looked you up."

In a city where you are ac-
cepted as a glib citizen, he is
ready to play—and expects
you to be his playmate.

You have no difficulty in
confirming his intention to play

the town red, because he is at
this very moment being trans-
ient with the manager of the
night club to which is an un-
guarded moment you have
brought him. The patrons are
no longer viewing his activities
with the tolerance of an hour
ago; the instinct that inevit-
ably warns you that trouble is
about is well in operation.

In wicker terms, your friend
is slightly more than well and
truly plastered.

Perpetually frustrating your
attempts to lead him towards
the door, he calls vociferously for
renewed supplies of the entity
which has stolen away his
brain. And this time, the
waiter—who has previously

displayed a marked lack of enthusiasm in fulfilling his wants—approaches with suspicious humility.

Two minutes later, you are alone, and the night club is by contrast as still as the ray drawn that follows a stormy night.

Your friend is more or less permanently demoralized in that portion of the night club most apt to his urgent needs. You may be certain that for some time, his voice will not be added to that of the happy throng. For to your friend has come the remedy which awaits the man who has caused the cavity of the management: he is now suffering the immediate after-effects of a Micky Finn.

Doubtless unapproachable at the moment, tomorrow he will view the affair—if he can remember it—in a more optimistic light. The administration of a Micky Finn is complete justification of the old saying about being "used to be kind."

Instead of the hangover he has invariably and philosophically considered his due reward for a night of jollity, he will awake to a sense of well-being, for his body, and possibly his soul, will have been rapidly purged; the liquor fumes that usually circulate within his stomach are absent. And even if he doesn't feel as well as he could have, he's not going to mention his shame, preferring

to hide it under the mask of bodily-fitness.

If, while your friend is paying his tribute to Bacchus, you decree the waiter's action worthy of an approving nod, the man will probably accept it meekly. Should you go further and voice your congratulations of his initiative, he will merely look pained. For the presence of Micky Finn should be tacitly ignored.

Pressed, the management will vehemently deny that it has ever administered a Micky to a customer, and will possibly denounce the practice as a sneaky trick on the unsuspecting. But despite denials, Micky Finn—like the poor—are always with us.

Merely as a matter for the records, and not for experimentation, a Micky Finn is made simply by securing a small quantity of jalap and an even smaller quantity of calomel. By mixing, say, five grains of calomel to one of jalap, you have at your disposal the elements for a soul-searing source of discomfort—and the greatest potential friend-killer of the century.

Origin of the term, although not authentic, is attributed to a lady named Mabel Finn, better known in her natural habitat of Alaska as Micky. Being rather fond of her drop, albeit somewhat unpretentious, it was the lady's habit to purchase a



"I believe it's no rare men ever take to shorts."

jug of the cheapest beer at the cheapest bar, and to carry it to the section of the saloon reserved for the more successful and staid townspeople. There, she would replenish her glass from the jug, meanwhile discoursing volubly on the unfairness of life generally, and the fallibility of the upper classes in particular. Her volubility naturally increasing in ratio to the deterioration of her jug, it was unlikely that her presence should endear her to her fellow-drinkers.

However, they felt that to hurl her forth from the saloon would not be in keeping with their dignity, and the management felt that such an act on their part would inevitably lead to trouble with the miners who,

although not so loud in their opinions of class distinction, were nevertheless conscious of it. Yet Micky had to go. And she did—through the backmost exit, her parting speeded by the effects of a mixture added to her jug by the hand of a diplomatic bar-tender.

She was never again seen in that part of Alaska . . . and left behind her, as the only evidence of her existence on this planet, the name of the concoction which has placed your friend in such an invidious position.

A final warning: should you ever be impelled to prepare a Micky Finn with the purpose of embarrassing your worst enemy—don't. You *couldn't* hurt anyone as much as that!

★

Patriotism Unrequited

Queen Mary and several members of the royal household were enjoying a concert by the band of the Coldstream Guards on the grounds of Windsor Castle. The Queen was particularly attracted toward a composition played with much dash and spirit and received with corresponding applause by the assembled audience.

Accordingly, she dispatched an eunuch to inquire of the bandmaster the name of the unfamiliar composition.

During the absence of the eunuch, there was much speculation as to the nationality of the composer. Sir Manners of Anson's Household declared for the Irishman composer Zoulessa, but Her Majesty secretly hoped that so interesting a composition had been written by an Englishman, so that it might be placed permanently in the repertoire of the Royal Band Company.

When the eunuch returned, however, he bore the information that the composition was that of an American musician. It was entitled *I Wish I Could Shave Like My Father Sam*.

Shop Sleuths

Retail stores do not view light-fingered people kindly.

They counter their activities by employing men and women who know all the shoplifters' tricks, and more.



A WELL-DRESSED, middle-aged woman entered a large city store's dress department. She put her coat on to a convenient chair until she had taken two frocks from a rack, and held them up against her. Then she dropped them on to the chair, picked up her coat and went out.

An observant salesgirl made no attempt to replace the discarded frocks. She dialled a number on the house phone.

Soon afterwards, a young woman came into the same department. The middle-aged customer returned, put her coat on the chair and again looked at the frocks. Then, picking up her coat and covering with it

the two frocks, she left the department.

The young woman followed her. The woman with the coat began to run, but the young woman—a shop detective—caught her.

Shoplifting is a sore subject with big city stores, chain stores—and small, exclusive shops. They are reluctant to discuss their losses, and are reticent on the subject of the shop detectives employed to watch light-fingered customers—and staff.

Cosmetic counters lose heavily with one type of customer. She orders a number of small, cheap lines and one expensive item, making sure that the sales girl has to leave the counter

Early Morning Exercises

Stretching, yawning,
Round the change room departing,
Our bodies stretching
The men a voice shouting
Bending, standing,
On our toes standing
Our minds awakening
Deep breaths expending
Flushing, getting up,
Aches and pains come to greet us,
He is simply there to greet us,
Quick, read! Give him his
quieted
Wearing, undressing
Bedroom-closets opening,
Our minds waking,
It's better for sleeping

—W.G.D.

precautions decreased from 115 to 91.

But, according to a recent official statement, for every shoplifter caught, ten others get away with the stolen property.

The majority of goods now stolen are those with coupon racing — and technical books! Many shoplifters arrested are juveniles who are not prosecuted, if their parents can be advised and will agree to maintain stronger control over the offender.

Women make better shop detectives than men — their eyes are keener. They look like just another shopper and move from department to department, giving particular attention to counters and tables on street level. It is in these sections that the stores suffer most.

One of the shop detective's headaches is knowing when to act on his/her authority; for there have been many cases of a customer acting suspiciously who, on being taken to the office, can produce receipts. Then the store may face a law suit for damages . . .

There are excuses offered. Shoplifters, when caught, often try to argue that they grew weary of waiting to be served — an argument which, these days, is almost plausible.

Shop detectives also watch the staff for incidents like this: A salesgirl at a bargain table, where blouses were being sold

at 9/11, kept a pocketful of pennies. It was easy to take a ten-shilling note and give the penny change without going to the cashier. She made a nice profit on the day — for she only went to the cashier occasionally.

Then there was the customer who tendered the salesman a one pound note in payment for an 8/11 scarf. He received change for 10/6. The salesman made out the docket on his way

to the cashier. Replacing the pound note with the smaller one from his own pocket. The numbers on the docket tallied with the 10/6 note in the bill — the customer was the loser.

Rich and poor alike cannot resist the urge to steal. It is to them that the shop detectives owe their jobs; for call it shoplifting, kleptomania or what you will, it still remains the same thing — dishonesty.

HAS THIS HAPPENED TO YOU?



IF THE CLUNK OF YOUR REMINDERALS
AND THEN, YOU DISCOVER THAT NO ONE
IS PAYING ANY ATTENTION BECAUSE THE CHILD
OF THE HOUSE HAS BEEN BRILLIANT DOWN
TO BE SHOWN TO THE GUESTS

©1954
Cavalade

after bringing the expensive purchase. By the time the girl returns, the costly trifle has been hidden in the shopper's purse or umbrella. When she is paying, the expensive item isn't there; the salesgirl obligingly gets another — and next day, the shoplifter returns one of the articles, getting a refund on the price.

This trick will become difficult when shopping pressure decreases.

Shoplifting is one crime which has decreased during the war. Arrests have dropped from 295 in 1940 to 169 in 1944. Over the same period,



"Persepolis! A man will break his neck if they don't put some glass in there!"

Hours of Disaster

They are the orphans of the blitz. In the war-torn cities of Europe they wander in homeless tribes—an immediate problem which may be left to posterity to answer.



THE blitz, or the deliberate attempt to destroy a great city and all therein, has brought about the creating of a new race: in the rubble-filled caves and gapped walls of ruins there lives a clan of troglodytes which has never known homes. These are the children, in Warsaw up to twelve years of age, in London up to ten, in Berlin up to seven, in Tokyo younger . . . the unwanted offspring of war chaos; conceived furtively, shamefully, fearfully, born in the screaming horror of great bombardments, the flashing blasts of destruction, the earthquake tremors of toppling buildings.

Fending the investigations of

UNRRA, we do not know the total number of such children in other war-smashed cities, but any member of the National Council of Social Service can tell us that there are nearly 300,000 of these afflicted souls in London. Some are the progeny of prostitutes, and some of women who went off the rails while their men were away; some are directly the result of the penitence and moral laxness caused by overcrowded dwellings, of days and weeks in old shelters, their parents inevitable victims of a dangerous hysterical neurosis.

Some are the children of parents who were both killed in

If you're a heavy smoker, you may be interested in this report in an American medical journal: The smoking of two cigarettes produces twelve to fifteen minutes' stasis of the peripheral blood vessels, elevation of blood pressure, lowering of cutaneous temperature, increase in pulse, heart, and metabolic rates, and lowering of the amplitude of the T-wave in an electrocardiogram. Set?

early raids; they have wandered homeless, speechless, perhaps bomb-happy themselves, ever since. Others were deserted by men and women eager to shed their responsibilities.

These homeless and parentless darlings, infected with lice as neglected animals are infected—with cancerous sores, running eyes, rotting teeth, and bones which do not grow straight, their hair caked with dirt and scurf, are like the vagrant bands of beggar children that roamed Europe in the Middle Ages. They are a curious and tragic anomaly in a world which screams about its falling birthrate, for, although they are potential citizens, often of good hereditary stock, nobody wants them.

But that's not all. Apart from these 300,000, the Milne-

try of Health says that school and penal doctors have examined children with homes and parents, and have listed 300,000 cases of sub-standard health.

Certainly, the Government worries over them, and rescues whatever it can. It does something to shelter and feed them, to bind their wounds and adjust the minds which are not those of children any more. It harbours them in well-run and efficient institutions which, however, can take only a few thousand. The rest go under the same roofs as vagrants, doddering old-age pensioners, sick women, and even the insane.

When the House Full sign goes up there, they are put into "homes," which remind you poignantly of Dostoevsky's Hell. In these places they are held by the nose while food is stuffed down their throats; they must play on narrow paths between great lawns and better-cared-for beds of flowers; they are slapped if they talk.

There are simply not enough institutions of any kind to take three hundred thousand children. And these are merely the ones known to officials.

It goes without saying, of course, that an institution and its staff do not make up for a home and parents—the need of every child. But if all these children were adopted, the problem would not necessarily be solved; for, as it is, the com-

monality that comes before the courts every year, according to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, number 170,000.

And the rest of these children, the ones that are never given any assistance at all—what of them? They are forming one of the strongest and most tragic hordes ever known in the flow of civilization, for they are growing up as a race of savages in the midst of modern life.

These are the children that will grow up into criminals, murdering for a pair of boots, a bit of rotten fruit, a stamp, they will become that natural element which is completely incredible in a nation because it doesn't know it is

doing anything which is unnatural in society.

Brains, gentlemanly, slow-witted and slow-moving, is absolutely baffled by this race of savages within her capital city. Child health centres, nurseries, maternal education centres, are being rapidly established, and the *Times* has even gone so far as to use "louse" in a headline. But as yet no cure has been found for the mind of a child which, torn away from everything natural and normal, develops beltingly in a world of abnormal lunacy. What could you do for a child of six who, after complete neurotic speechlessness for four years, finally and heartbreakingly opened his mouth to say: "I am nobody's nothing!"



Just ignore him, dear. He's taken up all sorts of silly habits since he returned from India."

Great Australian Duels

When a pioneer announced that his second would wait upon another to-morrow, each could anticipate with optimism that his life would not come to an abrupt end.



WHEN you look at the history of duelling encounters in early Australia you come to one of two conclusions: (a) that the pistol-packing gentry of those days couldn't shoot for nuts, or (b) that they didn't want to.

In those times, when a man pulled your nose, or gave you a trifling kick in the pants, you didn't let him have it there and then; you didn't go out the back, take off your coat, and fight. You quietly withdrew, glacial-eyed and quivering at the lips, and sent your second or a friend to demand an affair of honour, at a place to be agreed on with weapons to be chosen.

In Britain, for fifty years after this country was settled, our bewhiskered ancestors availed themselves of duelling to end their quarrels. And, being sticklers for the Mother Country, all the bigwigs who came out here to do or die for the remote colony wanted no other way to get the edge on a man.

You won't find much in the Historical Records about minor scraps, but the three important ones are there, the first taking place in 1801.

It was on September 10 of that year that Bill Paterson was angrier than he had ever been in his life.

"Where is Macarthur?" he

aged. "Bring the scoundrel to me."

Macarthur came, the dashing, raffish Scot, who went from rum-trading to sheep-breeding. He was an officer in the N.S.W. Corps, commanded by Paterson.

"Macarthur," said the senior officer, "I'm ashamed and horrified."

"I don't understand, sir," returned Macarthur boldly.

"No! Then, I am referring to those communications between us. They were private. What right had you to misinterpret them? What right had you to reveal them to others? I know, too, that you exhibited correspondence sent by Alex. Paterson to your wife. You are perfidious and malicious, and I demand from you, sir, the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

"You shall have it."

"I'll meet you at Parramatta on the 14th."

Macarthur came smiling with his second, Captain Piper, the man who tried to suicide in the harbour to the tune of bagpipes; and then came Paterson with his effuder, Mackellar.

The men took their revolvers, and their poses. Macarthur died first. None, of all the early duellists, Macarthur seems to have been the best shot. He wounded Paterson so badly in the right shoulder that he couldn't go on. Very Enrol

Flynnish, the nonchalant victor said he would be ready to continue any time the commander wished.

Governor King then entered the picture and arrested Macarthur and both seconds. He offered to let Macarthur off provided he accepted a posthum as a Commandant of Norfolk Island, but Macarthur refused to be disgraced and demanded a court-martial.

Now, King knew that, because of their feeling against Macarthur, a just trial by the officers of the Corps was out of the question, and so he sent the duellist to be tried in England.

England was most disagreeable. She accused King for trying to place the onus on other shoulders and, pointing out that all the witnesses were in N.S.W., harrassed Macarthur back. The affair seemed to have blown over.

Mackellar and Piper had in the meantime threatened to pull a gun on each other when King stepped in.

When, in 1826, Scott Bannister picked up a copy of the *Australian*, he was shocked to read a bitter diatribe against him written by its editor, Robert Wardell. The seething Bannister asked Governor Darling to prosecute, but Darling said he couldn't as Bannister, having just resigned the attorney-generalship, was no longer an official.

There was nothing left for it but pistols, and Wardell, accepting the challenge, met his antagonist at Pyrmont. Both men got a couple of shots in, but their aim was bad. They did no other damage than prostrate each other's hubbubbery. This apparently so disgusted the seconds that they told both men to get off the field.

Smart Donaldson seemed to be another hothead, always shooting his mouth off. In 1851—the year in which duelling Australia laid down her arms—the was the last country in the British Empire to do so—he denounced the Government for its prodigal spending, directing his animosity at the Surveyor-General's Deputy in particular.

Now, running that department was Thomas Mitchell, the explorer and once an officer under Wellington in the Peninsular War, burgessing villainously from the lace and lavender of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a long way then from being a grumpy, he sent stiletto broadsides into Donaldson—back and forth they wrangled. Donaldson, then getting lukewarm feet, or showing some of the diplomacy that later helped his career as the first Premier of N.S.W. under a responsible government, pointed out that he wasn't attacking Mitchell and Co. in

particular, but the general land administration system.

Perhaps Mitchell took this as a sign of weakness in his opponent. Perhaps his collar was stiff sticking. Anyway, through a friend, he arranged a duel.

It was Saturday. The sun was on the wane, and the shadows were drawing in. The birds were filling the bush with any ordinary day's melody—but at 4.30 Mitchell and Donaldson turned up at the Water Reserve, now called Centennial Park.

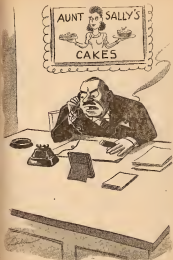
This affair would have made any Manchesterer grind his teeth and demand his money back. Both combatants fired three bullets each. But the only one that got anywhere was Mitchell's last, and it wounded nothing but Donaldson's high hat.

The seconds then died the towel and walked.

"Let that be a lesson to you," advised each adversary, as they triumphantly withdrew.

Alderman Henry McDermott of Sydney was another generalfighter who wished to take his revenge the hard way. He picked on Robert Lowe, later Lord Sherbrooke and Chancellor of the Exchequer in London. Lowe ripped the older man's ambition in the head by having McDermott board over to keep the peace.

But Lowe was always a



"Just Sally here..."

blister-tongued fellow, and in 1849, he had more trouble on his hands. Had he lived earlier he would have been fighting more ducks than Basil Rathbone.

It so happened that William Charles Wentworth, when he introduced his first Bill for the Founding of a University, had appointed a certain William Bland as a member of the University Senate.

Love bitterly attacked the Bill, declaring that an ex-convict should never be allowed to become a senator.

Bland wrote to Love (you can see the letter in the Mitchell Library), saying in challenge: "You are a scoundrel and a coward if you do not fight me. I don't expect it, for on more than one occasion you have avoided giving the satisfaction of a gentleman."

Maybe Love was a squire. Maybe he was smart. He certainly was no stranger to a knowledge of Bland's past. He knew all about Bland's duel at Barbis, with the parson of H.M. *Meister*, on which Bland himself was a fifth-rate naval surgeon; and how Bland killed his man, was tried for murder at Calcutta, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

And where could he find fault in the man, convict as Bland was? He knew that Bland had got a free pardon straight on his arrival in Sydney;

that he had practiced his profession like a good citizen, associated himself dispassionately with Wentworth, and benched out into patriot, philanthropist, a successful artist in public affairs.

All that Love could rake up to discredit him with his lampooning of Macquarie, for which Bland had copped a fine of £75 and 12 months in goal.

He bayed, as some say, like a gutless cur: "I will have him prosecuted for inciting deponent (himself) to commit a breach of the peace." But the judges reasoned that no locksmen in the world could have made Love fight, and the case fizzled out.

A little-known but curious duel was that between Sproot and Campbell of Port Fairy, Victoria. These two locked horns in 1846, and were shockingly eager to put each other into an early grave, so eager in fact that, to avoid the police who were bent on frustrating their plans, they rode 260 miles into South Australia.

There they took their pistols into the bush, and let go. It was exciting, it was sensational, it was terrible. No, not even Sproot and Campbell, with all the venom of their grudge, after all their trouble, broke the line of bloodless jousts. They missed, and honour apparently satisfied, returned safely to Melbourne.

Community Living

How to Break a Life-Long Friendship



Breaking good-fellowship—there and there 'tils—everything tight, fully meeting and good too—that's the note it starts on. These poor bright-eyed fools are going to share in house together and the kids are the only ones with the right angle on things from the start.



The freckle starts in the kitchen: "Sorry if your husband will be late for the office, my dear, but Junior's crying for his milk mixture, and, after all, a little baby's needs must come first."



And warm up at the fireside: "I really must admit, Freddie, that it is my turn to make the fire!"

the better heart when the children start doing their best—"All right then—let's smother your husband's little first. There must be some discipline in the home and if you won't provide it—I will!"



and in the garden: "You thought they were really *dearly* with my late cryptographic wedding!"



From doorway—CHORUS (of Arthur, Maud, Gladys, Daisy, Gertrude, Alfred and Althea, Victor James and Arthur): "I heard you had rented a house so I thought you might put me up for a few days until I find accommodation!"

Train your eye to
see QUALITY!



GUARANTEED NEVER TO WASH OR SHRINK!

Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION



John L. Morton (*High Life*)

THE radio, which was of polished silky oak, was playing a rhythm unannually known as hot, and the couples were living over MacAdam's parquet floor.

Lena was resplendent in a rather excellent creation of some cloudy dull pink stuff which clung to her revealingly before it flared away in billows.

Everybody was very earnestly extracting the last ounce of enjoyment from the evening; nobody had time to notice that Lena was pressing very close to her partner. Perhaps nobody would have cared, except Lena — and her partner . . .

But when the dance ended

and they half broke apart, Lena kept her arm around his neck and slipped off the floor with him, knowing that the softness of her body had registered. But he said, in a loud voice and looking past her, "Hiya, Charlie!" and, extruding himself, crowded out of the projection of her arm and glided away.

Lena walked over to a lounge and sat down. She crossed her legs and lit a cigarette, and leaned back, looking at the crowded room.

She watched the men and women — particularly the women. Some of them were plumper, some plainer, most of

them not nearly so good-looking as she was herself. That short brunette with the wily wisp of mouche across her top lip, and the waddy skin—richly dressed in a not too conservative way, but not nearly as attractive . . .

Then, through her busy bubbly frame of mind, Lena realised she was being an unforgotten duty aunt. She stubbed out her barely-smoked cigarette with an impatient gesture, and got up to cross to the cocktail bar.

There were full-length mirrors behind the bar in which Lena caught sight of her slim height, her honey-honey-coloured halo of hair, the softness of her curves, and the slowness of her waist.

No, you didn't have to be a dirty aunt to hand it to Lena, not even if you were Lena. She took a gin-and-something and wandered away to stand gazing out of the French window across the night bay.

She sipped it and thought; thought of the other glimpse, earlier in the evening, in another full-length mirror. That was when she came running from the shower to her bedroom, when she stopped before she dropped, to examine herself beauty, and to tell herself she was beautiful.

But she didn't get as far as any serious admiration—she saw a lean, curvaceous body,

highly two-toned from the summer sun; it might have been a brown girl in a skin-tight, milk-white bathing suit; and Lena could only laugh at the sharp contrasts of colour where the seasons ended—laugh bitterly, for it was very necessary to her at that moment to feel the certainty of her own beauty.

Now, leaning against the side of the window, sipping her cocktail, and looking through the trees at the still, moon-silvered water, she remembered what she had seen in the mirror—her ludicrously two-toned body, and reflected behind it, the moon-face of her father, disappearing from its frame on the dressing-table.

Her father! As she dressed she had grinned at him; it was funny to think of even his photograph in the same room with a girl getting dressed, he with his straight-faced ideas, his genial killjoy attitude, as though you could have a really good time in life by oscillating between work and sleep . . .

He rose up in her mind again now; he was etched in the window, as clearly to her mind as though he had been standing on the terrace looking in. Only being a picture of her imagination, she could shrug and tap her fingers nervously on the side of her glass and forget him.

She knew what he would say if he could see her with the cocktail, if he could see her in

that dress—if he could have seen her shameless device with her man.

She had heard it all so often since, when she lived at home and did none of those things—she had grown up in that stifled atmosphere that denied the existence of sex in conversation, and robbed you of the warm, happy laces she was getting now, after half a dozen cocktails.

It was pernicious, that influence: it followed you. It followed her, after she left home, after she took that quiet, intimate little town flat and lived by herself, and learned to drink and to "be natural" with men.

She had felt guilty when she had her first sherry before dinner; she had felt forward when she called a man "John" at first meeting.

Lena smiled openly, and felt strong, and fearless, and adventurous.

"Whamap, honey!"

The deep, pleasant voice cut in on her thoughts; she felt a man's big hand on the small of her back, and suppressed an almost reflex flinching. It was hard still to accept such informality naturally.

She turned her head and looked at him sideways, out of eyes made bright and fearless by the cocktails.

"Just thinking," she said in her husky voice. "Who are you?"

His arm crept around her waist, and his index finger drew a little pattern on her dress.

"Dance?" he asked.

His arm was still around her; she reacted so that she was suddenly close against him, and stood purposely close to him and looked at him. "My name's Lena," she said, "what's yours?"

He told her, and added that he was married.

"Your wife here?" she asked, and he said no, she wasn't.

"Then why mention it?" she said, making an effort still to sound "modern," as they say.

They moved out on to the dancefloor together, and he talked a little, just enough, as they danced. She scarcely knew what he said; she was looking over his shoulder, and whenever they passed the full-length mirror at the cocktail bar she could see herself reeled closely to him, moving in rhythm with him.

She was thinking: "It doesn't matter what he thinks of me. I'm going to have a sight of it, and he's nice." She was wondering why love-making had always been for her a galling, adolescent, hand-holding and nerve-knawing business, even now that she had her flat.

Why did other women love fully and without reserves, while she knaved them on a trawl and turned them back at the bottom of the stairs?

She knew it was the old romance of that early life, a second nature that was not brave enough to be grown-up, an over-long experience of childish restrictions . . .

They were whirling past the cocktail mirror again, and she saw her reflection—and his—and she said suddenly in a warm, husky voice, "I'm tired, Sam."

He guided her off the floor and got her another drink, and she yawned and put her head on his shoulder, and looked at her watch.

"It's after one," she said; "I think I'll go home."

He squeezed her arm. "Let me drive you?" he asked.

She struggled. Yes, she said, she'd love that, he was a dear, was he sure he had the petrol, it was lovely of him.

They traded their farewells and he put her into the car and drove her slowly home. Custom held her at the foot of the stairs, and then (she could feel herself flushing in the dark) she said, "Coming up for a moment?"

She took him upstairs and inside, and asked him if he'd like a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and she changed into a housecoat while the coffee was making, and sat down on the lounge beside him. They sat struggled together, chattering, then silently smoking, until he stubbed out his cigarette and

took her into his arms, embracing her closely.

Lena was lying outstretched in her arms, her mind a kaleidoscope into which bits of the party, the swarming, dancing faces of men and women, the view through the window, all her recent impressions, faded, and silly little things intruded: the clock on the dashboard of Sam's car didn't light up with the other instruments; the dark line of vague hair on that brunette girl's lip; herself in the long mirror behind the cocktail lounge, soally beautiful.

"Half-past two: late to go home, isn't it?" Sam said.

His voice cut across her thoughts, and she stirred; late to go home—her mind raced ahead, Sam in the flat, getting up washed and sleepy in the cold morning light; walking out into the pale sunshine . . .

There was a dull bump on the floor. Sam had unlaced one of his shoes and let it drop.

He was going to stay—my God, he was going to stay—Lena got up abruptly and pulled her housecoat round her.

She was not certain afterwards what she said; a tumble of words that chased each other, something about not that sort of girl, the landlord was strict and she couldn't get another place, what would his wife think? . . .

Lena wasn't certain how, or in what order, she said it; her



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mailed record in pants until she closed the front door and leaned against it, listening to his steps echoing down the stairway. Then she sobbed, and ran into the bedroom and threw herself on the bed and felt utterly drained, exhausted.

She got up, dazedly, and poured herself a whisky, and carried it into the bedroom. When she pecked off the housecoat she was naked, and she saw her white flesh stick against the brown of the sun-burn higher up, and laughed bitterly.

It was funny; her own desires, her conclusions, her efforts to be like other girls . . . funny. She drained the whisky at a gulp, and, putting down the glass, saw her father's big angry killjoy face grinning at her. She picked up the photograph and threw it through the open window until it tinkled and crashed at the bottom of the light tower.

Then she climbed between the cool sheets and lay back, trying to make herself think straight, but knowing that her father had her beaten: she could throw away his picture, but that grin, straight-faced training of his could not be thrown away. There were things she couldn't do, not ever. She would never be abandoned and careless, like Dale and Mamma and Jacqueline.

Funny, though. Always, from

childhood, women like that had seemed queerly, smart, ladies of creation: she had always viewed them then great disregard for the narrow restrictions of life, their infinite capacity for enjoying everything, regardless . . . And as a girl, a working girl living at home: even the confidence of the unmarried mother next door had not offset all this glamour, all this for which she had left her home and security, all this for which she had re-designed her life. And now, suddenly, she felt that these queens of life, Mamma and Dale and Jacqueline, were abandoned women . . . she would never be like them . . .

She had just put out the bedside lamp when the telephone rang. It rang ten times before she picked it up; she was almost not going to answer, in case it should be Sam.

But it was Dale.

"Can I sleep in beside you?" Dale was asking. "I've got a fellow here I picked up at the party; couldn't throw him off, so I told him I was sleeping at your place . . ."

"Sure, come on up," Lena said. "I'll be asleep, but my leg will be under the mat . . ."

Dale was trying to throw him off! She'd always thought . . .

She pulled the sheet over her and felt more peaceful. Her mind was tranquil when she dropped asleep.



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IS LOSING
HIS PUNCH**

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groggy*



*in his
footwork*

*but he'll regain
all his confidence*

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VITALIS

The Tonic for Scalp and Hair



Betty Lee (Show Business)

WHEN Sam and Tillie Skinner left O'Leary's Fun Fair, they did not leave of their own accord. They were sacked.

Jim O'Leary was not the kind of man to turn any of his side-show exhibits into the gutter—but in the case of Sam and Tillie, he could do nothing else.

And so, he grovelly shook their heads, opened the door of his caravan, and let them walk alone down the clattered lane-way of the fairground.

As he watched them pass through the clattering turnstile into the street, he swore silently and walked across to his desk to telephone a theatrical agent.



"Hello—Palmer?" he grunted. "This is Jim O'Leary. I'm fine. I'm looking for a couple of new side-show people. A fat woman and a skeleton man. Know of anyone?" Sam and Tillie? They've just left. Never mind why—I'm still puzzled about it myself. If you hear of anyone, let me know. The usual prices. You know me, Palmer—I'm not a hard man to work for!"

He slammed down the phone. Still puzzled. That was the bell of it.

Jim O'Leary was definitely not a hard man to work for. As he used to say to his employees—"You give me a fair deal, and I'll darn well give you one." He was popular. He was well known for his generosity to artists, sideshow people, and the workmen who generally helped O'Leary's Fun Fair to keep running smoothly throughout the year. "Enter-tainment Paps" was Jim's motto.

And so it was without mis-giving that Tillie the Fat Girl, and Sam the Skeleton Man went to Jim one night to tell him about their engagement.

Jim was tempted to laugh at first, as he watched them standing before him. Tillie weighed eighteen stone, and looked all of it. In her pink bag of a dress, she looked like a bar beside Sam Skinner's birdlike five and a half stone. But, when he saw they were in earnest, he was proud in his congratulations.

"Well, I must say, this is a fine thing," he said. "It's not often we have a wedding in the show. Not since the acrobats got hitched last June. And even then, they'd been living together for years. When do you plan to have the happy occasion?"

Sage beamed. His little skull-face stretched dangerously into a smile, and he shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other. "New week, Mr. O'Leary. Tillie and me would like a week off for our honeymoon. You wouldn't object to a week, would you, Mr. O'Leary?"

O'Leary grinned. "You can have it with pleasure, Sage—and with double pay." He rose and stretched out his hand. No one could say that Jim O'Leary was a hard man.

Tillie and Sam had their honeymoon. The Fun Fair missed them for a week, and they came back to the Fun-ground looking happier than any of their friends had ever seen them before.

As a little gesture, Jim had fixed up a new tent for them—complete with all the trimmings.

There was a little green camp table and two or three chairs—a green and red rush mat on the floor, and a double-sized camp stretcher with extra strong legs for Tillie's weight. Jim stood back in the entrance and watched them examining the layout. He sucked on his cigar and fiddled with the change in his pockets and the ounce gold seal hanging from his thick watch-chain.

"A wedding gift," he explained to the pair. "I hope you'll both be very happy here." He even laughed when Tillie sat on one of the new stretcher-chairs and burst the canvas. "I'll buy you a new one," he offered. "You give me a fair deal, and I'll give you one."

During the next few months, the sceptical members of the Fun Fair grew more and more convinced that the Skinners were really happy. They stopped telling jokes about them in the Moss Hall. The young boys around the fair ground ceased to snigger whenever they passed the Skinner's tent.

Tillie threw a few discreet little parties. Jim O'Leary donated the beer, and Tillie and Jim invited half a dozen or so of their closest friends

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over to drink it. Sometimes, even O'Leary himself stayed for an hour or two. Strangely enough, he felt responsible for the pair's happiness. The fact that he had materially contributed towards it gave him a warm, almost benign feeling. After the parties, he would shake Sam's slender hand and go for his nightly walk around the enclosure.

One night, after leaving the gathering, he felt strangely puzzled. He could still feel the grasp of Sam's fingers around his, but there was something mysteriously different about it. He racked his brains to discover what it was. As he was passing the monkey cages, he suddenly stopped. The air around was quiet, except for the sleepy chatter of animals, and the soft whistle of the wind through the test-ropes. "God!" he said. "Sam's putting on flesh!" He held out his hand in front of him and remembered that, instead of the bony claw Sam usually offered him, he had shaken the firm hand of a healthy man.

The next morning he sent for Tiffie and Sam. Smiling a little at the unexpected summons, they climbed up the wooden steps of his caravan.

Jim looked at them closely as they stood before his desk. "Sit down," he said.

Tiffie lumbered casually into the widest chair and Sam

perched himself on the arm. Jim noticed with an inward snarl that the thin man's hand reached furtively for his wife's, and she gave him a reassuring little spread smile.

In the harsh light of day, he could see that his suspicions had been correct. In the bloom of his new happiness, Sam Skinner was flourishing. And looking at Tiffie, Jim almost groaned. Following some feminine instinct which craves for grace and beauty, her green flesh was melting into a semblance of normality.

Jim ground out his cigarette into the full bowl of his ash-tray. "What the hell do you think you two are doing?"

Tiffie looked at Sam. Sam spoke slowly. "What do you mean, Mr. O'Leary?"

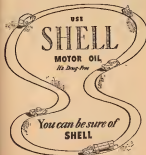
"I don't mind making you happy here as men and wife. Mind you—I don't mind furnishing a new double tear for you and raising your salaries. But what I do object to is standing by and watching you both raising my business."

Sam repeated: "What do you mean, Mr. O'Leary?"

Jim jumped to his feet. "There either of you looked at yourselves in the mirror lately? Apparently marriage agrees with you, Sam. You're filling out beautifully. Where the hell do you think your skeleton lies comes in? Before long, people will be laughing at you." He

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looked at Sam sharply. "Have you weighed yourself lately?"

Sam was silent.

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"How much do you weigh?"

Tillie put out her hand and grasped Sam by the arm. "He's only put on a stone, Mr. O'Leary. And it's only 'teen pearsy. I'm sure He'll soon take it off again!"

"Like hell he will!" spat Jim.

"What have you been feeding him? Butter and cream? And you needn't talk, Tillie Skinner. Before long, you'll be able to compete in a bathing-beauty contest. I'll give you one more chance—the two of you. Either you get back to normal within the next month, or I'll have to get rid of both of you."

No one could say that Jim O'Leary was a hard man.

Nevertheless, both Sam and Tillie tried. Sam went on a diet of cabbage-leaves and carrots, and Tillie began to eat huge meals. But they still had each other. That, decided Jim O'Leary, was the hell of it.

After the month was up, he interviewed them again. Obviously, it was no good. By this time, Sam weighed nearly eight stone. Tillie was a sylph-like fifteen. Even they knew how hopeless their jobs were becoming.

"It's a shame to take the customers' money," raved Jim.

"They go in with lovely expectations, and instead see a couple of people as normal as themselves."

Sam and Tillie looked at each other. Then they both mumbled, "No, Mr. O'Leary."

"I'm sorry," said Jim. "But what I said before still goes."

"Well," sighed Sam, "as a matter of fact, Mr. O'Leary, we've been thinking the matter over."

O'Leary leered. "You have?"

"Yes," said Sam. "And Tillie and I have decided to raise chickens."

"Well, that's real lovely," said Jim. "So you're not taking your dismissal to heart so much after all?"

Both Sam and Tillie dimpled at him. "No, Mr. O'Leary."

After they had gone, Jim sat down behind his desk and began to bite his fingernails. Romance, he decided, was his very worst enemy. Mutual Attraction only came in handy when it gave him a new litter of linen cuts every year. From now on, he mused, all matrimony would be banned as far as his employees were concerned.

He decided to distribute the Skinners' furniture between the tragedy artists and the sword-swallowers.

Then he lit himself a cigar.

No one could say that Jim O'Leary was a hard man to work for.

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Diamond Wedding

Marion Draper (Coincidence)



Old Fred went slowly, for his rheumatism was bothering him, so bring in the cow for milking.

Steve went to the kitchen window and looked out on the orchard. Every spring for sixty years—it was the same, but it never failed to make her catch her breath—the trees in the orchard had blossomed almost overnight. And there, against the soft clean blue of the early morning sky, spring had flowed from the earth once again.

She put more wood into the stove, and dipped a kerosene bucket full of water to start the washing. For this was the house to which she had come as a young bride of 18—a house that knew not electricity, nor water coming at the turn of a tap—a house knowing only kerosene lamps and rain-water. Nor did she know a laundry with copper and tubs; but only a tin on the stove, and tin tubs set on stands outside the door. Yet, it was in that habitation that she had washed clothes for her family of 10, lifting and straining with tins of wet clothes in and out of the larder.

When old Fred came in with the bucket of milk, they ate breakfast, and he went out again to pester creakingly around in his vegetable garden.

Steve was blessing the clothes when she heard voices—familiar voices, but unexpected. She

THIS day, for Anastasia French, had commenced as bad any other day in her life. At six-thirty, she had got up, dressed, and lit the fire in the kitchen, holding her thin, old hands cupped over the flame until they warmed; waiting for the kettle to boil so that she could have her cup of tea.

By the time it was brewed, old Fred French had joined her, and they sat in companionable silence on either side of the stove.

"Walter, no?" Her old face looked eagerly at them.

"Well, we don't know about Walter, Mithen. We haven't heard from him . . ."

All of them came, except Walter. None of the ten children that Stace had borne and reared came—with their wives and the children who were not in the Services (and grandchildren) and one great-grandchild.

They came in trucks, laden with families and food. They brought hamburgers and boxes of food and soft drinks, with the kids overflowing from all corners.

Stace, her face pink with delight, sat out in the orchard. The girls refused to allow her in the kitchen, carrying out her chair so that she could sit with the children and nurse her great-grandson.

The men unloaded crates of apples and put them up in the orchard, and the women unpacked cold fowls and beans and slabs of corned beef, salad and jellies and cakes; they were good country cooks, prize-winners at local shows, and for this evening they had surpassed themselves.

As the girls passed the old lady, they stopped for a moment to chat. Each time, she looked up, questioning. Only to Angus and Anne did she voice the thought: "Is Walter coming?" They did not know.

Angus said to his wife: "She

keeps asking if Walter's coming." He frowned irritably. She had not seen Walter for years—and he didn't want to see him. Not Walter, careless and gay, unmarried and un settled, flitting from job to job—jack of all trades . . . and the darling of his mother.

When they had the tables ready, Angus, as befit the eldest of the family, led his parents to the head of the table. From them, stretched the long table, laden with the family—almost one hundred descendants. Had the boys and girls in the Forces been there, there would have been more than the hundred.

They stood for the grace which old Fred had said before each meal all his life, and were just about to sit down when there was a gay whistle. Stace turned, and pointed, saying nothing. The others turned as one and stared—coming across the grass was a tall, rangy man with flaming red hair above his khaki uniform.

"Walter," said Stace. "Walter . . ."

He went directly to her, holding her close and speaking so softly that Angus, seated on her right, could not hear.

"Oh, Walter—you did come," said Stace, tearfully.

"Now, now, now—" he soothed. "You didn't think I'd forget you, did you?"

"I haven't seen you for such



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a long time," she said, holding his hand tightly.

"Now then, old girl," said Walter. "I'm in the Army. I can't run in and out—much as I'd like to."

"Born serious?" asked Angus, coldly.

"No. Here you?"

"Farming," said Angus, in his best Shire Council manner, "is a reserved occupation. But you wouldn't know that."

"Lots of things I wouldn't know," said Walter. "And what I don't know doesn't hurt me."

"Sit down, dear," said Stace. "Angus, move up and make room for Walter."

The list on the right moved as Walter sat down. Angus clattered his fork on his plate, and indignantly expostulated a mouthful of food.

Stace ate little, except when Walter prompted her; it was food for her just to look at him.

Walter, looking along the table to tease his niece, frowned as he saw the grey utility truck slowing down on the road.

"By god, this's a coincidence," he said. "I do believe a couple of my old coppers are looking for me—I haven't seen them for years."

"Go and bring them in. Tell them I'm having a party," said Stace, proudly.

"I'll do just that," promised Walter, getting up from the table and walking to the road.

He came back with the two soldiers. "Listen, everyone—this is Corporal Brock and Sergeant Dixon. They were coming through here and thought they'd see if I was home." He patted his mother's shoulder. "This is my mother and father—it's their diamond wedding anniversary, and all the family's turned up to throw a party."

Stace smiled up at the two men. "I'm very glad to meet you," she said. "I'm always glad to meet a friend of my Walter. How long since you've seen him?"

"Oh," said the sergeant. "It must be a couple of years now. We thought he might be home, so we just dropped in."

Anne set two extra places. "Won't you join us?" she asked.

Dixon and Brock did. Stace leaned forward, confidentially.

"Walter's my youngest," she said. "I didn't remember that today was my wedding anniversary. But they did—and they gave me a surprise. They didn't tell me Walter was coming—they kept that as a surprise, too."

Old Fred nudged her. "You don't want to keep on about Walter," he said. "People'll think he's spoiled."

Dixon, accepting another plateful of food from Anne, grinned companionably at Stace. "Any boy who remembers his

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mother is a good boy, Miss French."

Stace smiled at him. "He is a good boy, Mr. Diston. Such a good boy to his mother."

Anne called from the house. "Walter—can you come here a moment?"

Stace turned towards the sergeant, whispering confidentially.

"Walter's the baby, you see," she said. "I think Angus is jealous, because I always did spoil him from a baby. He was such a good boy. And I haven't seen him for a long time . . ."

Her thin, old voice, even in a whisper, carried over to Angus, who started violently in disgust.

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. French," said the sergeant, "we're glad to see Walter's side. Our C.O.—our Commanding Officer, that is—was only saying the other day he'd like to see Walter."

Stace's face glowed with delight.

"He did?" she crossed, happily.

"Sure. You see, we lost touch with him, and we've all been wondering where he was. Of course, we knew we'd meet him again, but sometimes in a way it's hard to find people in a hurry."

"I tell him he's a naughty boy because he doesn't write to me," said Stace, still smiling. "Weeks and weeks and no letter—and then he'll walk in

just as though he'd been for a bit of a walk. Says he hates writing. Walter does."

Walter went into the house, returning with a huge cake, tier upon tier of icing gleaming frostily in the sunlight. Anne stood behind her mother, holding her hands over the old lady's eyes, until Walter set the cake down before her, and gently pulled her hands away.

She looked at it for a moment, clasping her hands confidentially.

"Oh," she whispered. "Oh, Walter . . . Anne . . . Fred . . ."

Anne pressed herself. "Joyce made it," she boasted. Brock, sitting beside Joyce, looked at her for the first time, and kept on looking, forgetting his food.

Stace stood up, and, with Fred's help, plunged the knife Anne had given her into the base of the cake. All around the table, the family stood up and self-consciously sang "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," Diston and Brock joining in heartily.

When the meal was quite over, with only crumbs of food strewn the table, Diston smoothed down his tunic, and nudged Brock into consciousness, for the Corporal had, between food and Joyce, lost count of time.

"I'm afraid we'll have to leave you, Mrs. French," said

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Diston, regretfully. "Wally, how about giving you a lift? You'll have to get back to the camp today, won't you?"

Stace's face crinkled wistfully. "Couldn't you stay a bit longer, Walter?"

"Fraid not, old gal. You wouldn't want to see me getting into trouble, would you?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. Wally took her hand, tracing patterns on her palm with his finger, whispering to her until she smiled back.

They went down to the truck, escorted by the whole family, except Joyce. She came racing down at the last minute, a parcel in her hands, and this she gave to Brock. "It's just cakes and things," she said, shyly. "I put my address in, too. I know how you boys like some home cooking."

Brock grinned widely, and in the confusion of departure, his quick kiss went unresisted.

The sergeant got in to the cab first and sat at the wheel. Walter, hugging his mother, sat beside him, and Brock on the outside, talking quietly to Joyce. With shouted goodbyes and much waving of hands, the sergeant turned the truck around and went slowly down the road.

Just before it started, Stace came to the sergeant. "Any time you're along here, whether Walter's home or not, you just come in and have a cup of tea.

We'll always be glad to see you."

He patted her hand, seating on the door. "I will, Mrs. French."

In a cloud of dust, the truck reached the top of the hill, went over it, and only the dust told of its going.

Stace, sitting under the tree again and holding court, looked up as Anne went past.

"Well, those two boys were very nice, weren't they? Wain't it queer that they should come looking for Walter the very day he came home?"

The three men in the truck were silent until Diston stopped just before he reached the camp.

Walter sighed comfortably. "Well," he said, "I used to say some hard things about you, but I take it all back. You made the old lady feel as pleased as a dog with two tails."

Diston and Brock, hushing black-lettered red brassards around their ears, only grinned.

"And yet," said Walter, thoughtfully, "everything you said was the truth."

Diston started up again, and for the last few minutes of their journey, they were silent.

"Couldn't tell a nice old lady like your mother that you'd been A.W.L. for the last two years, and that it was only by chance we tried your home today. Now, could we?" demanded Diston, as they led Walter into the guard room.



A MON'S A MON FOR A' THAT

The fatted calf was killed. The prodigal had returned. But there was weeping and gnashing of teeth among many of the multitude, and for this even, apologies. Because MAN JUNIOR is only operating on part paper action, perit run, while substantial is nevertheless pegged. That is why all available copies of JUNIOR'S first resumed issue (September) seemed simply to melt from the bookstalls. Well, there's little can be done about it at the present time. Best bet is to get in early.

MAN Junior



SHOT IN THE DARK

D'Arcy Niland (Psychology)

HE was shivering when he went into the waiting-room. He couldn't hold his nerves together. He feared this place, and the scrutinizing, questioning examiner in it. Feared them as he feared hospitals and death; but it was better to get it over and done with. This was the way to clean it up. This man could get to the bottom of his trouble.

He gave a start as the

psychiatrist, dark, foreign-looking, beckoned him in. He sat in the chair, looking at the parky hands of the mind-doctor, staring up into his dark, tempestuous eyes. He had an unsmiling face. He was hard. That was better than having a seivelling, hand-rubbing expert, all smiles and pop talk.

"Tell me," said the psychiatrist curtly, with an accent, "What is the trouble?"

He stared at the beary man in the chair, at his thick neck and dull-witted expression.

"I got a fear," said the man. "It's funny, but I keep thinkin' there's someone after me. No, not that exactly. I got a fear I'm gonna be shot. Die with a bullet in me."

"Have you any enemies?"

"No, I ain't. I ain't never done a man wrong. I've had fights and that, got a bit off me hammer at times, but all above-board."

"When do you feel this fear most?"

"In the dark. At night. Never in the day. It's somethin', I tell you, in the dark. Even when I got a light in me

room, I feel there's somethin', someone out there beyond the window in the dark, watchin' me. I half expect to get a bullet in me, I do. Darnation. And out in the dark on the stairs of the boardin'-house, I feel there's someone movin' around, waitin' for me to go to sleep. I put out the light, and as I go to bed I'm on me back in a sweat, startin' into the dark, till I can't keep awake any longer. I can even see the gas, and over, sometimes, the flash in the dark. It's gettin' me down proper."

The psychiatrist asked him questions to help his analysis find his cure.

"It's been gettin' worse lately," said the man. "I can



always see that gun and myself with a bullet in me. I don't know why or how, but I can. I've always got the fear I'll be shot."

After a while the doctor said: "Your psychosis is chiefly caused by imagination playing on some leftover childhood fear of the dark. Now, I want you to think of the dark as only an absence of daylight with everything in its normal order as when you could see it. And you will not be so much the victim, perhaps not at all a victim, of your imagination if you have a friend or companion with you."

"You mean bunk up with a mate? During about that. Only got a small room."

"Then, get a gun. Keep it by your side. The psychological effect of this would be that you will feel protected, and will in pure look upon the weapon as your all-conquering ally. This method is cruder, but it will help you to master your fear, and you should try to master it, for such a fear may have dangerous repercussions. All the time, you must remember there is nothing to be afraid of."

"Where'll I get a gun?"

"I can't help you there. I'm sorry, but I've told you what you must do. Now, you'll excuse me. I have others waiting. My fee is five guineas."

"Five? Only got four quid on me."

The psychiatrist showed Fred-

cation. "I don't know whether people expect me to work for nothing. The fee is five guineas."

"I'll save you the rest."

"You will. And please have the fee when and if you come to see me again."

The big man went out, annoyed at the psychiatrist's attitude, but inside glad there was nothing really the matter. He tried to get a gun, but failed. Then he saw if one of his workmates would share a room with him, and he succeeded. For the first three nights he felt his trouble had gone. But on the fourth it was back with him again, as he stared into the dark; for it began to work in his mind that his mate on the bed across the floor had a gun and it was pointed at him. He shook in an agony of fear, suddenly threw a heavy torch. In a minute there was scuffling and screaming, and he found himself in a pool of light, sitting on a blood-faced man under him, and the horrified landlady in her night attire at the light switch.

After that he was alone again, with a friend the fewer and a warning in his ear. He tried again, and secured a gun. For a week it did what the doctor said. He could feel the mystery growing in him; and even an aggressive one. He had it under his pillow and he slept soundly. He felt well, began to cheer in his spirit. But all

this drained away from him as he began to see the gun in a new light. He saw it as a weapon of defence, the very presence of it with him implying a purpose, inferring an assailant, someone to save himself from.

Upon his mind, as upon a screen, there flashed a grim picture of what might be. He was a man given a mystic power of detachment and vividity: he could look down into that room of his and see himself as a stamped thing of fear in the dark, enveloped by a darkness that was the lair of death. He saw himself start at a vague sound. He turned his head constantly in its direction. Then came another from the right, and he looked there. In a few moments the darkness was full of quick tongues whispering, of footsteps slithering, of forms passing in a nebulous mist of deeper blackness; insistent, continuing, closing; low and then soft, distant, then hoarse, ominous, then threatening, vanishing and building in a hideous schizophrenia of sound and picture.

Then he saw the form—the vague distortion against the window, and it was, to his staring, sweat-soaked eyes, a mouth of cold mouth and colder eyes—a killer with a gun aimed at his head and his heart.

He sprang sideways from the bed, and pumped, crashingly,

shot after shot into the tinkling, shattering target. He ran to the jagged hole, but there was nothing below; nothing slumped darkly on the pavement, nothing but the shadowy light under the creaking street lamp, only desolation and loneliness. He began to sob in the relief of his spirit, in the breakdown of his screwed-up emotions. He explained to the owl-eyed sleepers who came that he had seen a man at the window, a burglar; but it was just bad luck he missed shooting him.

After they had gone, he sat on the bed and stared at the gun. It was no good. He resolved never to sleep with it again. It only made him worse. He wrapped it up as if to hide its black deadliness shimmering bluely in the light, and hid it behind a picture. But he couldn't get it out of his mind that the gun was the chance which Fate had given him to defend himself against some unknown murderer.

And he did not sleep for two nights, but was reduced to a heavy, panting, stupefied terror. It changed to anger, a fierce anger that arose as much out of disappointment and horror as out of believed fraudulence. This was accentuated each day when he went to work and one of the lunch-hour conversations gave the pros and cons of men like the psychiatrist: taking money from innocent people,

hoodwinking the gullible, living
 to wealth on the ill of others.
 Quacks, all of them; two men
 with a degree, that was all.

All day the fury rose in the
 man, and at night he went in
 blind hate and ragged despera-
 tion to the home of the psychia-
 trist. This man saw him com-
 ing up the pathway with the
 gun and the expression, and in
 a few minutes he was ready,
 face to face with him across
 the room.

The flaring nostrils, the
 twitching features, told their
 own story of lust for vengeance.

"Man, be calm," cried the
 doctor, using the tone of
 authority. Other words he said

to placate the madman.

"You dirty, bludgie" foreign
 mongrel," swore the man, his
 eyes wide, unblinking. "You
 put me wrong, like I was a big
 mug. You ain't fit to live."

"Put that gun away, you hear
 me!" shrieked the doctor.

"When I'm done with you,"
 the man screamed, and he made
 to fire.

But he was too late. There
 came a sound he never heard,
 just before the explosion of
 his own weapon. He did not
 even see the gun in the hand of
 the psychiatrist, for his own
 arm, thrown up when the bullet
 struck him, shattered the light,
 and he died in darkness.



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